

# The ECHO









UNIVERSITY OF  
ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE  
ARCHIVES







# **“THE ECHO”**

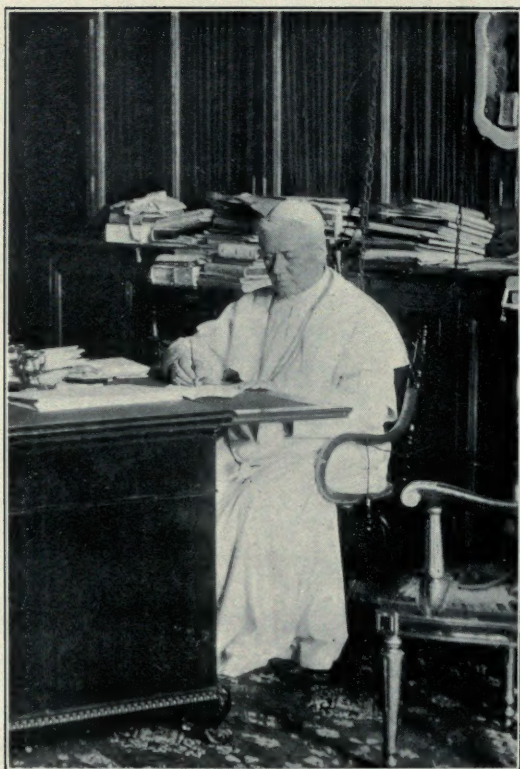
**YEAR BOOK OF  
ST. MICHAEL'S  
COLLEGE**

**EDITED BY  
THE GRADUATING CLASS**

**Vol. IV.**

**PUBLISHED BY  
THE STUDENTS' PARLIAMENT  
1913**





*Very very cordial  
Very R.P. X*

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*To*

REV. LEONIDAS PERRIN, S.S., D.D., PH.D., J.C.D.  
HEAD OF CANADIAN COLLEGE  
ROME

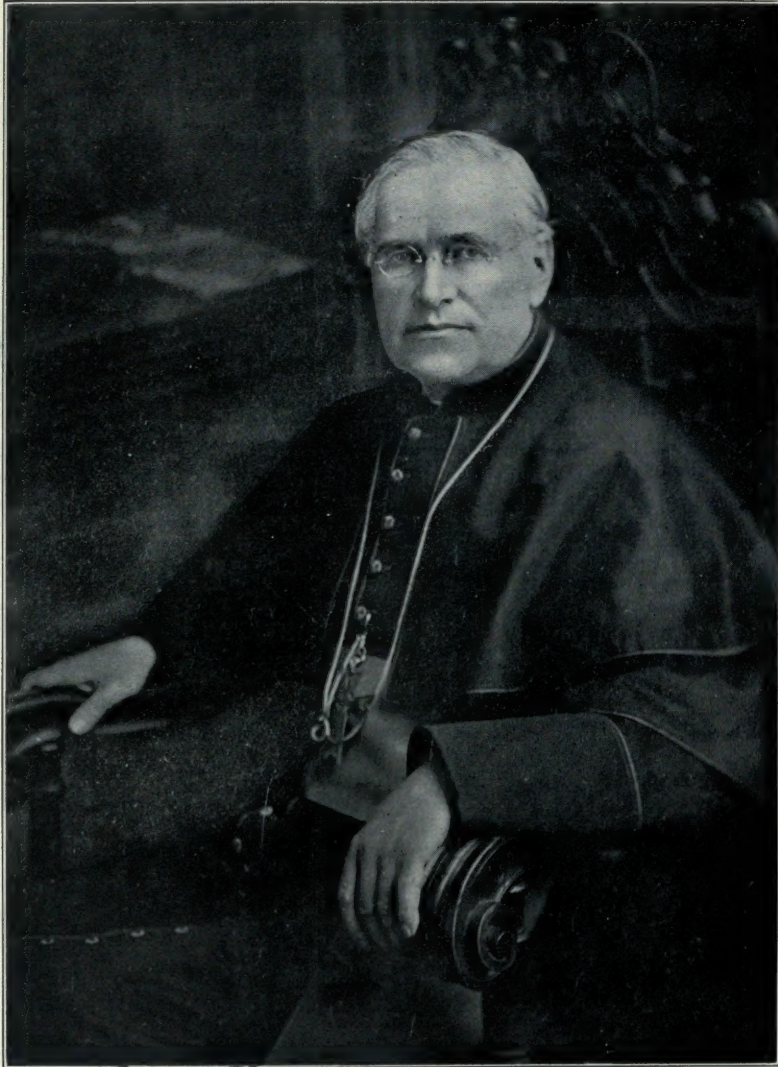
*and to*

REV. J. J. PURCELL, C.S.B., S.T.L., J.C.B.

THROUGH WHOM THE AUTOGRAPH  
OF HIS HOLINESS WAS  
OBTAINED

THE ECHO BOARD DESIRES TO  
EXPRESS ITS DEEPEST  
GRATITUDE







*To*

THE RIGHT REVEREND NEIL McNEIL, Ph.D., D.D.,  
ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO

THIS FOURTH VOLUME OF THE YEAR BOOK IS  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY THE CLASS  
OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN



## Foreword

*Another year has passed and the Graduating Class of St. Michael's present to you this, the fourth volume of the Year Book, under the name of "The Echo."*

*Many new features have been added. Variety was our watchword. We trust our efforts have been successful and ask you to peruse our work, not in a spirit of criticism or comparison, but with that kindly indulgence which sees only the good and passes over the mistakes we have made.*



# Contents

DEDICATION

25

ARTS:

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

LORETTO ABBEY

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

25

ACADEMIC

25

STUDENTS' ORGANIZATIONS

25

IN MEMORIAM

25

ATHLETICS

25

MUSIC

25

WIT AND HUMOR

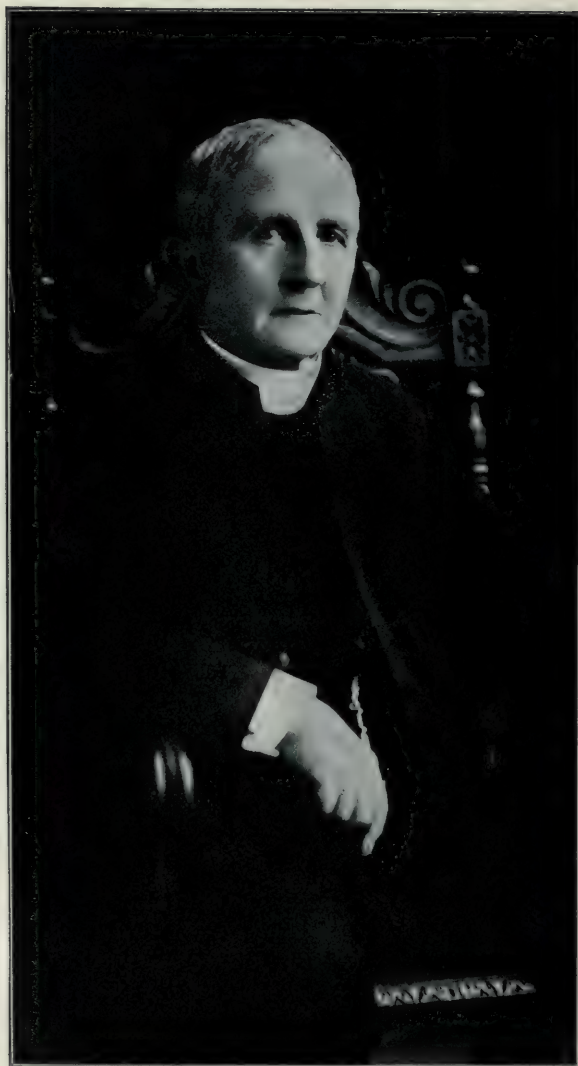
25

DIARY

25

ADVERTISEMENTS





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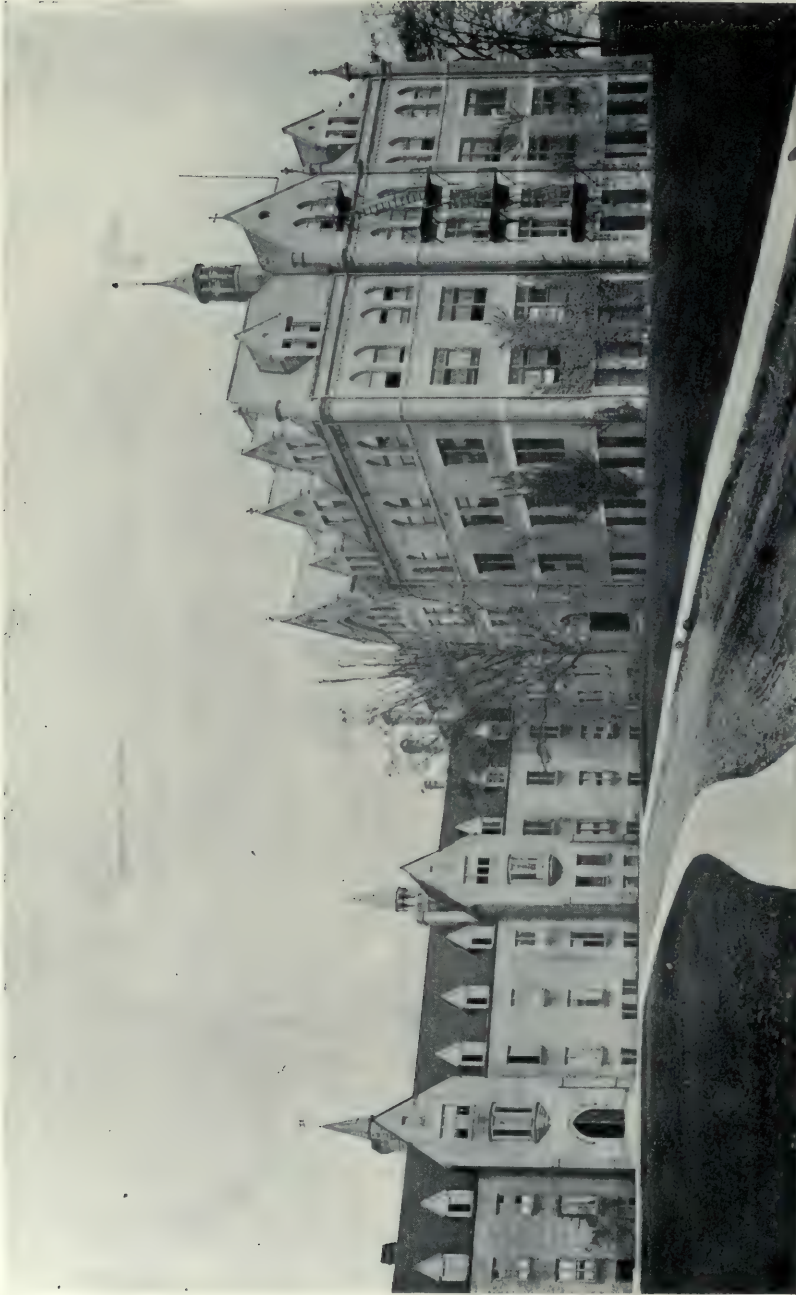
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THE COLLEGE



# Historical Sketch

"Bonitatem, et disciplinam, et scientiam doce me."

Standing at the front gate of the Metropolitan Church and looking across the way, one may see a plain-faced, three-story, red-brick building, the farther end of which is marked 67 Queen St. East. There under title of St. Mary's Seminary began on September 15, 1852, the work of St. Michael's College.

The Rt. Rev. O. F. M. de Charbonnel, second Bishop of Toronto, an old Basilian student of Annonay, had petitioned the mother-house in France for assistance in training young men for the priesthood to meet the pressing needs of his Canadian diocese. In response came the first pioneer, Rev. Patrick Maloney. Within two years he was followed by Rev. J. M. Soulerin and Rev. Jos. Malbos, accompanied by two novices, Chas. Vincent and Wm. Flannery. Then the work began.

The school-term opened with several day-pupils, the eldest and most advanced of whom was Richard Alphonsus O'Connor. Three boarders registered—Martin O'Dea, John Gibney, Denis O'Connor.

As the seminary was found not self-sustaining, the scene of action was transferred in March 1853 to the old St. Michael's palace, and then for the first time the institute was called St. Michael's College. Here it remained for a little over two years, with a roll of about seventy, and all the available quarters filled.

On the Sunday following the fall-term opening, September 15, 1855, the students walked away out into what was then the country and the bush to assist at the laying of the corner-stone of the new college. This stone was placed in the eastern foundation wall of St. Basil's Church under the southerly one of the two buttresses still standing. The rather pretty name, Clover Hill, was borne by the sandy elevation, since greatly diminished, but then sweeping with some demure majesty from Queen's Park to Yonge street as a modest height of land.

On this site schoolwork commenced September 15, 1856. The original structure, 3-storeyed, reached from the church to the eastern oriel, a distance of about 88 feet. This was extended 48 feet farther in 1865.

The Rev. J. M. Soulerin, elected Superior-General of his order, left for France in 1865, and was succeeded as Provincial and local Superior by the Rev. Charles Vincent. Three years later, in response to a call from Western Ontario, Assumption College was established at Sandwich with Rev. Denis O'Connor as Superior. Some of the early fathers in that establishment were M. J. Ferguson, R. McBrady and D. Cushing.

Through the stress of the 60's and later, the Basilians were greatly heartened by the loyal support of graduate friends. Conspicuous among these were five priests, whose timely kindnesses live ever fresh in the memory of the community: Richard A. O'Connor, William D. Harris, John J. Shea, Andrew Finan and John Gribbin.

In 1872 a second extension of the building was made eastward and southerly. This gave us the historic old Study Hall, about which in the course of time gathered many a golden reminiscence.

The commencement exercises of July 1873 marked the opening of the theatre on the third floor, directly above the study. Measuring 120 ft. by 50 and 26 ft. high, it ranked then, among the largest halls in Ontario.

The last extension of the original college pile was made in 1902 with the expenditure of \$70,000 in the eastern wing.

The farm of about fifty acres, running north from St. Clair Ave., midway between Bathurst street and Spadina Road, was purchased in the early eighties through the enterprise of Rev. Laurence J. Brennan. On the southern end St. Basil's Novitiate was built in '92-'93.

A word as to the illustrious sons of Alma Mater. Among these are numbered two Archbishops of Toronto, the Most Reverend Denis O'Connor and the Most Reverend Fergus P. McEvay; and one Archbishop of Kingston, the Most Reverend M. J. Spratt. Other distinguished Alumni, Right Reverend recipients of the pallium, are: R. A. O'Connor, of Peterboro; T. J. Dowling, of Hamilton; D. J. Scollard, of Sault Ste. Marie; T. M. A. Burke, of Albany; J. J. Hartley, of Columbus; J. H. Conroy, of Ogdensburg. Besides these raised to the episcopal throne, might be named many priests venerated for scholarship and sanctity by admiring multitudes.

In addition to a gleaming host of fine parochial clergy, might we with family pride direct attention to a legion of other graduates, excellent Catholics in every walk of life. But space forbids. To these, however, as to an ancestry of lofty strain the youthful student loves to point. Of them St. Michael's says with that noble Roman matron, the mother of the Gracchi,

"These are my jewels."

Last of all, our growth. Two or three decades ago, college efficiency, throughout Canada and the United States, was not so subject to keen public supervision as at present. Formerly such high value was not attached to sharp periodic tests, stern annual examinations, rigorous class-grading, specializing in teaching and general pedagogic science, as now-a-days. Educational evolution has been busy and with admirable results. St. Michael's among others has changed wonderfully, and not without plans, too, for extension and perfection of its system ready for adoption at first opportunity.

In 1881 came affiliation with the University of Toronto. In 1887 by act of the Provincial Legislature regarding the federation of Arts Colleges, power to give philosophy and history lectures was granted St. Michael's. Representation on Senate, Arts Council and Examination Boards followed. Yet of these and other powers and advantages, for various reasons, little or no use was made for a space of twenty years.

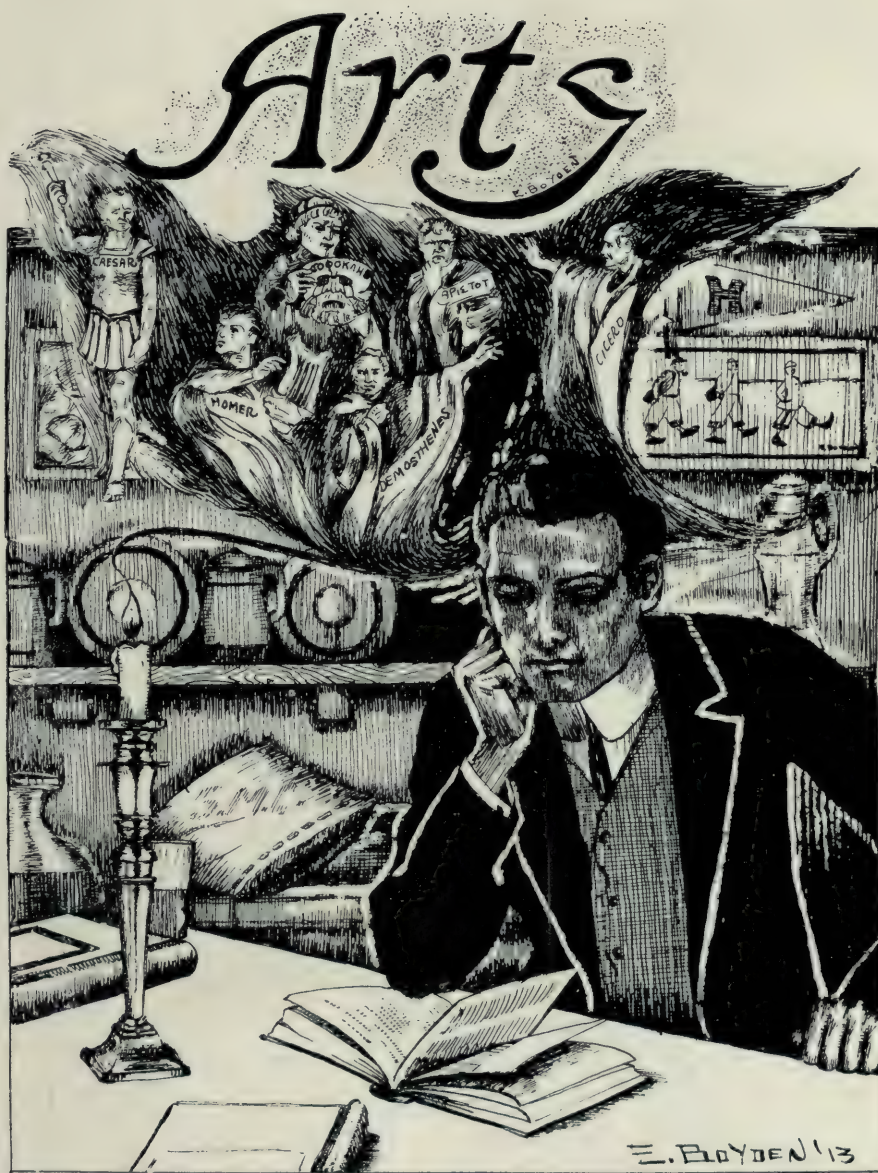
The Transition Period at last began in 1904. It has run on with glorious success. Each year brings excellent development in new and unexplored fields. University federation, once brought into play, has wrought marvels in point of efficiency and satisfaction to the student-body, and at the same time so raised the standard of education in the college as to reflect great credit upon its initiators, its present executors and the whole system of training in "The New St. Michael's." Four generations of graduates have gone from our portals, decorated with the world-recognized initial degree of B.A. from the University of Toronto. The wearers of this decoration are the sincerest panegyrists of the system. Long then may it endure. Speedy be the coming of its golden age. Great the contribution to be made in the dawning years unto Catholic Higher Education by St. Michael's College.





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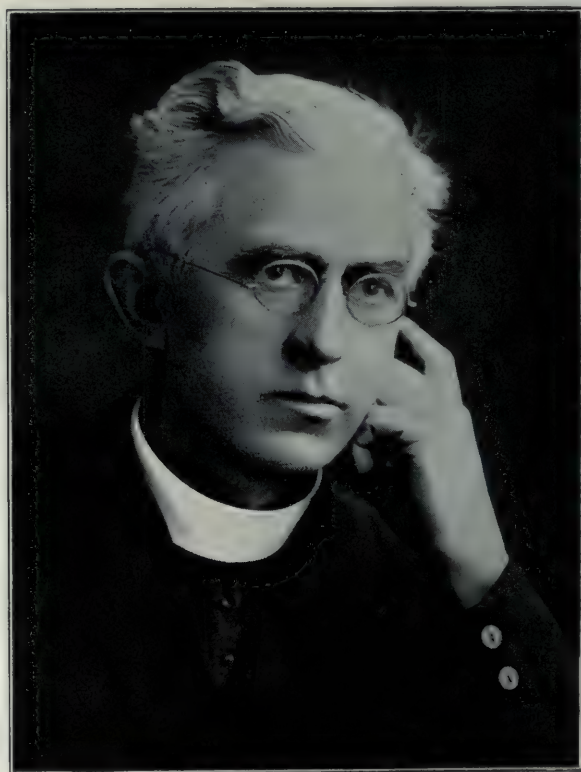
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Professor of Metaphysics and Mathematics









## CHARLES JAMES BLACK

*"The best is yet to be."*

The illustrious owner of the above-mentioned cognomen commenced his mortal career in the quaint little town of Hastings, Ont. His preparatory education, however, Charlie entrusted to Campbellford, his present home. One bright September day, some four years ago, C. J. gave undisputed evidence of his wisdom and foresight when he arrived at S.M.C. and enrolled with class '13. Charles has always taken a prominent part in the various college activities, especially in the Students' Parliament, serving in the 1912 term as Deputy Speaker and this year holding the Portfolio of Minister of Publications. In both these important

offices, Charlie has been a pillar of strength to the Government forces, and a stumbling block to the Opposition.

## EDWARD MICHAEL BRENNAN

*"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows."*

Born in the Garden City at a very early age our hero received his primary education in St. Nicholas Separate School. A few years later found him graduating from the Collegiate Institute of his native town. Soon, however, the charm of Philosophy wrought it's spell upon him and he registered at St. Michael's casting his lot, in an unguarded moment, with "Onety-Three."

His executive capabilities led to his ultimate election as Premier for the past scholastic year. His commercial abilities were recognized when he was appointed to the difficult position of Business Manager of "THE ECHO." No mention need be made here of his remarkable prowess in studies. Suffice it to say, that his record is an enviable one.

Ed's genial smile and sunny disposition have won for him many warm friends, and now, as he goes forth into the "Bivouac of Life," he carries with him our best wishes.





## GERALD JOSEPH CULLITON

*"Much study is a weariness to the flesh."*

Gerald had his earliest residence in Toronto. He first attended St. Paul's Separate School where he laid the firm basis for the temple of learning which he has well raised.

"Bobby" has been throughout the most genial member of the class. In Academic work and Athletics, he is equally proficient. The fact that he graduates from his Alma Mater is a proof of the former, while his playing three successive years on our Junior O.H.A. team, marks him as an excellent skater and a fine stick handler. He is the Athletic Editor for the "Echo."

"Bobby" is one of our liveliest visitors to the Irish Flat. He has the bad habit of starting things. But even the frowning visage of the austere Prefect of the Flat loses its threatening appearance when Bobby smiles in his inimitable guileless way.



## DANIEL LEO FORESTELL

*"Semper Fidelis."*

Not "a Daniel come to judgment," but a Daniel come into this world. Such was the news which disturbed the Forestell household in the little hamlet of Springbrook, one balmy day in July 1890. For two wee small years of his life he dwelt in Springbrook, but later he moved to a more thriving settlement—attending Campbellford Public and High Schools. He graduated from the High School, and in his zealous pursuit of knowledge came to Toronto where he entered class '13 of St. Michael's College.



Just as Dan distinguished himself in the primary and high schools so has he in Class '13. He is the St. Michael's representative on the Torontonensis Board, also the stand-by for the Columbian Club and the Society Editor of St. Michael's College year book "The Echo." Dan has forged strong links of friendship even outside of the class by his cheerful and pleasant manner and all unite in wishing him future success.





## LEONARD M. FORRISTAL

*"A man of sense and sympathy, honour and perseverance."*

London, Ont., is chiefly noted for three things, viz., shade trees, barrels, Leonard Forristal. "Len" very modestly chose to begin his college career at Assumption College, Sandwich, thinking no doubt to train for St. Michael's. Of his sojourn on the banks of the Detroit we will merely observe that he must have been a model boy to develop into such a charming young man.

"Len" was prominent in all college activities, even in his Academic years. On entering the Arts Course he was sought for to serve on committees innumerable. In his senior year he acted as "Speaker of the House," in the Students' Parliament, and

as Class Secretary. Though "Len" established a reputation as a student, he without difficulty won his "M" as well.

## LAMBERT BENEDICT GARVIN T-O-R-O-N-T-O

Westport claims the honor of being the birthplace of our scholar. After a studious and successful career at St. Edward's Separate School, Lambert resolved to enter the precincts of deeper thought. In such a venture his zeal brought him to St. Michael's. Within her portals he has dwelt for the past four years, and now she bestows upon him the fruit of his labors.

Many and varied have been the pursuits he has indulged in. To him has been entrusted the Financial Department of the Students' Parliament, and his appointment as manager of this year's Junior O.H.A. team was a no less deserved honor. His work as Editor of Wit and Humor of "The Echo," we leave to your charity. The leader of the Sanctuary Choir, Lambert has delighted (?) all lovers of music.

Not only there are his dulcet tones heard, but his sweet warbling has oft resounded through the Irish flat in the wee sma' hours.





## THOMAS J. MCGWAN

*"Muse not, that I thus suddenly proceed,  
For what I will, I will, and there's an end."*

Many years ago, one bright September morning, St. Michael's opened wide its doors to greet again its students, and to extend a welcome to those, for the first time detaching themselves from mother's proverbial apron strings.

Among the latter came Tommy, young, bashful, and pretty, a veritable Apollo. Since that day many changes have been wrought in him. His boyish reserve is now replaced by manly self-confidence, and "perfectly handsome" is the apt phrase used by his fair admirers when describing his altered appearance.

Training has made him a man of learning, and pretty Cobourg may gladly welcome back her son and place him with confidence and pride in the foremost ranks of her wise and respected citizens.



## JAMES AUGUSTINE MOGAN

*"Nemo me impune lacessit."*

"Gus" first smiled upon this world in June, 1891, at least so tradition says, and one who knows "Gus" can readily believe, for he has continued to smile ever since.



After a few years of untrammelled freedom, he began an academic career at St. Paul's School, later transferring to De La Salle Institute and St. Michaels. After matriculation, he joined "wondrous '13", an event which resulted in untold benefit both to himself and the Class as a whole.

President of '13, Leader of the Opposition for the Easter term, Assistant Business Manager of "The Echo," Gus has shown wonderful business ability, and his capacity for persuading downtown merchants to take advertising space in this book marks him as one who, we believe, would even be successful as a book agent.

His friends on land and sea are legion. A favorite with all, he is regarded by a select few as, "normally" speaking, "quite cute," and so he is.





## BASIL THOMAS KINGSLEY

*"I speak of one from many singled out."*

He was born at Barrie; he budded at Lindsay; he bloomed at St. Michael's. This is Basil's history in brief. The Collegiate in Lindsay was the scene of his academic labors, in which seat of learning he was actively connected with literary work.

Entering St. Michael's a little over two years ago, his consistently genial disposition at once found him a place in the hearts of all.

Basil was an active member of the Students' Parliament where his literary ability and keen perception placed him as leader of the Opposition. He was not only an orator but a cogent debater, and his presence on St. Michael's Inter-College team for two successive years gives us ample proof thereof.

"The Echo" owes its unparalleled success to his untiring labors as Editor-in-Chief.

## MICHAEL STEPHEN O'BRIEN

*"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun. Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."*

When Mike selected Lindsay as his birth-place years ago, the future looked very pink and rosy for Lindsay. But sad to relate at the age of three years he took his parents by the hand and told them that Scugogville was no place for them. He took them to Peterboro.

Happily for the home of dynamos and porridge Mike came to S.M.C. For four years he has laboured assiduously in the interests of his home town, the liftlock, and the street car. The mysteries of Scholasticism are so simple to him that any hour of the day one may hear the sound of his rich baritone floating through his transom, while the author of the music(?) is revelling in metaphysical distinctions.

A lover of sport, M.S. has managed efficiently many of our teams and proudly displays as a mark of his own prowess an M. and T.

But truth compels us to admit that he is a shameless punster.



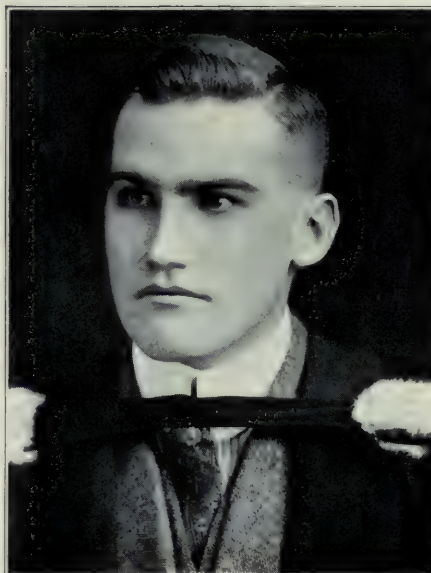


## CHARLES F. O'LEARY

*"Benign he was and wondrous diligent."*

September 29th, 1891, was a very eventful day and one of exceptional importance to Charlie as well as to the citizens of Buffalo. Six years later, Public School number 19, threw open its ponderous portals to initiate him into the Sacred Mysteries of Aristarchus and Strabo. Having drunk "long and deep of the Pierian Spring" on the American side, he took a post-graduate course at the Separate School of Peterborough.

As the profundity of this work was found to be too superficial for such a metaphysical gentleman, he adjourned to St. Michael's College where his craving for knowledge was only increased by his matriculation to the University. He has been prominently identified with all branches of sport as well as the "Lit" where he has won a reputation for oratory. Now for Osgoode.



## VINCENT C. QUARRY

*"A Village Hampden."*

Among the notable events of the year 1890, was the entrance into this world of Vincent C. Quarry. His address was Mount Carmel, Ont., and that pretty little western town was the scene of his early education.



The year 1905 found him enrolled in the Commercial course at S.M.C. The Academic course next attracted his attention. Matriculating, he entered Arts 1T2, continuing until the close of his Junior year. Deeming a change as good as a rest, Vince indulged in both and at the end of a year returned to the final task with class '13.

During his sojourn in S.M.C. "Cush" has entered admirably into the spirit of student activity. In his sophomore year he was chosen Historical Secretary of the "Lit" and was awarded the Literary Medal. The portfolio of Minister of War in the Students' Parliament and the Vice-presidency of the I.C.D.U. have been ably filled by him. He also took a great interest in athletics.



## Class '13

*"Let others hail the rising sun,  
We bow to that whose course is run."*



IRGIL sang of a hero. We shall go the venerable songster one better and sing of heroes, men of destiny, wielders of power, makers of history, the class of 1T3—the brightest constellation in the philosophical firmament of this old University.

So promising had we been in our last three years that immediately upon our return the privilege of managing the entire college was offered us. Humility is a mark of genius, and being geniuses of course we refused the honor—a great blow to St. Michael's.

Our house was soon set in order. Who was to be the Honorary President? Great and distinguished indeed must be the mortal worthy of such a dignity—who more fitting than Rev. John J. Purcell, S.T.L.?

Whether the election of J. Augustine Mogan to the presidency was due to the foresight of the class or to his own intriguing sagacity has never been decided. Whatever the answer no "Insurgents" have arisen, and all stood "pat" in endorsing his administration.

Mindful of "*Vox populi*" we elevated our own smiling Leonard Forristal to the secretary-treasurership and entrusted to him the duty of preserving for posterity the records of our wordy conflicts, and the fiscus of our Carnegie contributions.

*"Many a flower is born to blush unseen  
And so it is with Class 13."*

(Apologies to Gray)

While each and every member has duly qualified for a volume of panegyric and a "Crown of wild olive," still we wish to concede a page or so to the other classes. Suffice it to say then, that thanks to the leniency of the County Crown Attorney, Culliton, Garvin, and Black have escaped indictment for any infamous crime, and *Mirabile Dictu*, the prosecutor still holds office.

Of course our class would be very uninteresting if there were not some handsome Apollos amongst us. We are all handsome, we believe, but in our general modest way we bestow the laurels of perfection upon the classic brows of Daniel Forestell, Vincent Quarry and Charlie O'Leary. It would be hard indeed to duplicate the manly beauty of these three men and especially that of "Dan." The boyish innocence displayed in that blushing countenance would never do for a University Professor. Some say he will probably go in for real estate fussing.

Thomas J. McGwan will doubtless mount the Presidential chair of some Herpicide concern with a fabulous salary his. He can tease the "ivories" into tenderest effusion, throw off a piece of classic or rag-time vocalism or imitate anybody's cant and sham. "Tom" loves an arm chair, a sinecure job and a high-brow book.



Michael S. O'Brien—from Peterboro, if you please; well, for a man with a baritone like Mike's and an awful penchant for pernicious puns (*Quibus ab omnibus libera nos*) there is no fear but that Shea's big offer will land him yet. He will go back to his native heath and that lift-lock town with the Quaker oats diet and wonderful lack of aesthetic discrimination, will be talking soon about its illustrious progeny. Long may Mike thrive to hurl the discus a hundred feet, eat up a tome of Metaphysics or jump a championship distance.

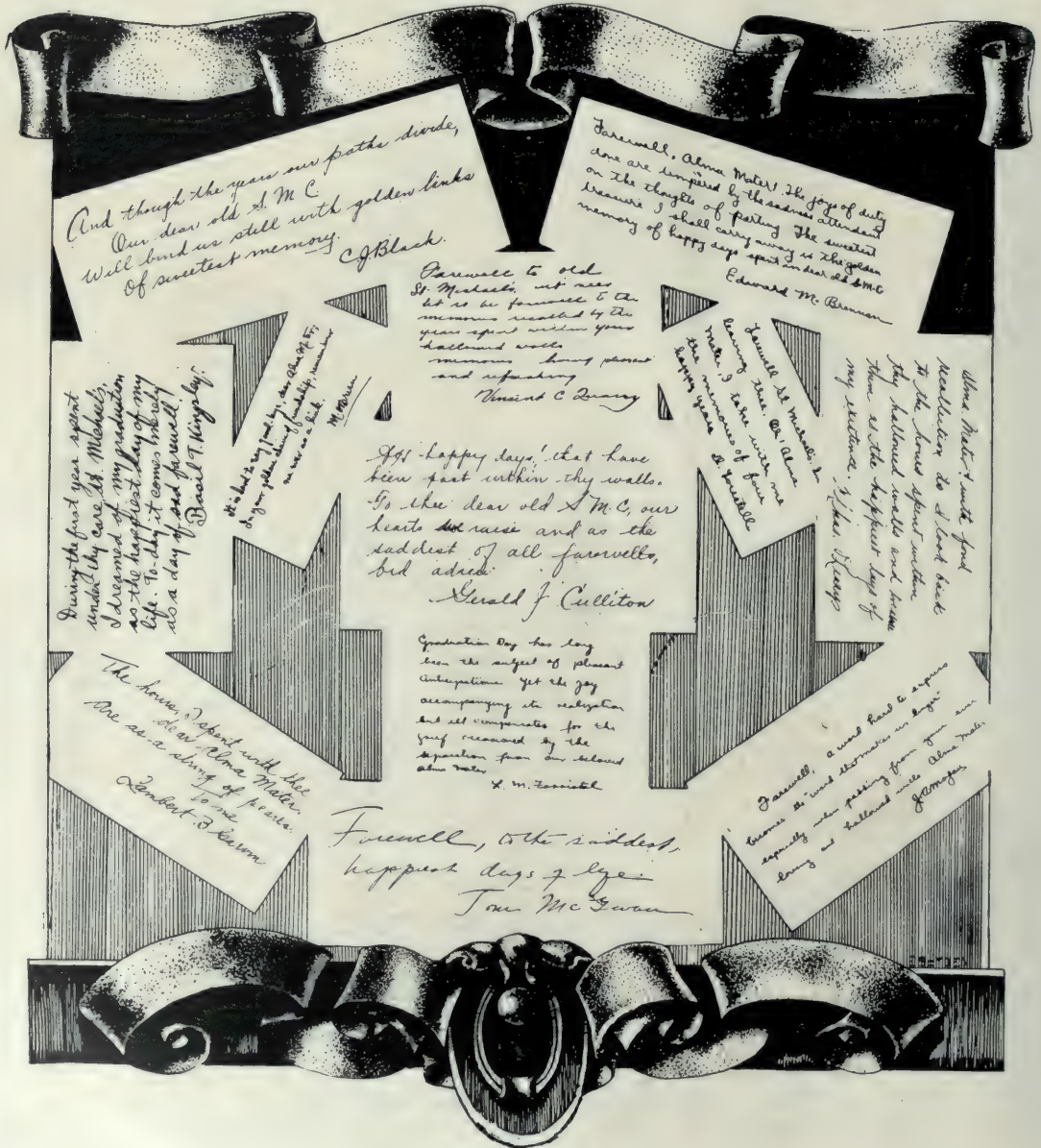
High up on the Debating Roll of Honor Ed. Brennan, from St. Kitts, and Basil Kingsley, from Lindsay, have written their names in letters of imperishable gold, while as leaders in Parliament they have flayed callow freshmen, awed cynical Sophs and belabored carping Juniors with thundering phrase, blazing irony and irrefragable argument, on trivial technicalities. (For "Previous Question" see Cushing's Manual of any member of the Unionist Party.)

Like the Progressivists and large club Theodore, we have striven to ignore all precedents. We determined to have a graduating dinner. "*Nihil Obstat*" said the Caput. "*Fiat*" said the prospective guests. Even Father Carr was satisfied with the manner in which these coldwater athletes of ours made their yards at table.

But enough, in closing this narrative we ask that you judge us not too harshly if perchance we have been a bit too anxious to laud our noble company. We ask you to remember that we are not adepts at striking precisely the golden-mean in speaking of ourselves. We have had no cause to eulogise ourselves; others have been only too willing to lift the burden from our shoulders, so perhaps in this, our first attempt, we may have overstepped the bounds of propriety. But charge it not "*carissime lector*" to the Egotism but rather to the fledgling inexperience of the altruistic galaxy of youth, beauty, and wisdom—St. Michael's graduates of '13.



# Senior Farewells





## Graduating Banquet



COMMENCEMENT day was over and once again Train No. 213 was bearing me to dear ones at home. I was gazing abstractedly upon the panoramic landscape, while a flood of sweet memories soothed my spirit. The first mile-post on the road of ambition had been reached. I was at last a graduate. My college days were over and was I glad? Yes and No. The joy of end accomplished was mine, but withal I felt a sense of depression. Ah, yes! Those happy college days! Never again shall the long corridors of S.M.C. re-echo for me the merry ha! ha! of college chums; no more shall the—— “Well, look who’s here!” and a hearty clap on my shoulder rudely interrupted my reflections. “Why, hello, Barney, and where on earth are you going to?” Barney Holland dropped into the seat beside me. He was an old “pal” of mine, despite the fact that his tastes turned to the French and Quebec. I was humming a “tune” as Barney chattered away, and he suddenly stopped and remarked “That’s a nice song when it’s sung, where did you hear it?” “Oh,” I replied, “that was the “tid-bit” of our graduating banquet.” “Your graduating banquet! Where and when did you fellows feed?” Let’s hear it.” “Well, I can’t recall just what was on the menu, but it was a royal spread, and the toasts were actually brilliant. Father Purcell, the Honorary President, was chairman, and he “did the grand” with a sang-froid worthy of Chauncey Depew.

“Altho’ the last course had been served, Pere Carr seemed restless, and without premonition he began to warble:

*“Tom Doodle don’t know that his mother is dead  
Tom Doodle don’t know that his mother is dead  
Tom Doodle don’t know that his mother is dead  
And his mother don’t know that Tom Doodle is dead”*

“He began the fifth stanza “*Tom Doodle don’t know——*” “That we’re all nearly dead” interrupts the chairman. The singer(?) looked hurt and said “Oh, that’s just the prelude.” But the Honorary President refused to let us die.

“Gus Mogan, Class President and Toastmaster, removed the cork from the bottle labelled “Oratory” by proposing a toast to the Pope. Father Hurley ably responded, in a splendid discourse, outlining the work His Holiness has done, and the special care he has of Catholic Education. A toast to King George the Fifth,” sang the seer of the Don, and forthwith Gerald eulogized his sovereign as only a true subject could. L. Forristal and myself shared the honour of replying to our own Canada. M. S. O’Brien, in his characteristic humorous manner, referred to “The Class” as seemingly intelligent, but Father Purcell, “Father of the boys,” paid compliments to the sterling character of every member of Class ’13 and as he had many other occasions of renewing his praises and good wishes, he brought his panegyric to a close, the auditors murmuring “*Bene Domine,*” “Varsity” was toasted by V. C. Quarry, who was at one with us all, in his references to the “Entente Cordiale” existing between it and St. Michael’s.

*(Continued on Page 37)*

## Archbishop McNeil



OUR new, but already beloved, Chief Pastor, the Most Reverend Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto, paid his first official visit to the college February 3rd. He was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the faculty. The college boys had looked forward to this occasion for some time and loudly applauded His Grace as he entered the dining room.

A charming simplicity of spirit marked the proceedings of this first Episcopal visit. One might say Monsignor McNeil's personality predominated and pretentiousness fled—dismayed. The Archbishop desired to meet the St. Michael's boys—the boys were very anxious to meet their new Archbishop. The priests throughout the city and beyond, to whom invitations had been extended wished to witness the meeting. So they all gathered in the venerable old refectory, and there was forged the first link in the chain that will bind youthful fervor and enthusiasm to fatherly devotion and prudent solicitude.

After dinner had been served, and partaken of, one of the senior students stepped up to the platform, upon which His Grace was seated, surrounded by his clergy, and read an address of welcome, expressive of unswerving loyalty to the Archiepiscopal See and reverence for and devotion to its present incumbent. All eyes were fastened upon His Grace when he rose to reply and remained fixed upon him until he resumed his seat. His address was characteristic—simple, direct, forceful; its keynote—Charity.

After his own inimitable fashion he carried his sympathetic listeners hither and thither throughout that vast expanse laved by the waters of the Pacific to awaken in them an appreciation of its wondrous possibilities; for Archbishop McNeil is a statesman as well as a great churchman and the development of the West is a project dear to his heart. He told of the hardships endured by the patient sisters and devoted priests laboring for the salvation of souls, who, because of their fewness and the vastness of the territory throughout which their ministrations must extend are deprived of the essentials for what the world calls successful effort, and even of the bare necessities of life. His Grace recounted various personal experiences, with the personal side ever in abeyance, incidents illustrative of the need of sympathy and substantial co-operation for those engaged in the labors of the Master's vineyard.

He pleaded with those who listened to him to contribute their mite to the relief of these zealous missionaries, and recommended a particular work of charity to the generosity of the college boys. In conclusion the Archbishop gave expression to the keen interest he felt in educational work and to the pleasure it would give him to witness the progress and development of our beloved Alma Mater.

T. J. M.





Class '14

## History of Class '14

**R**EJOICE, ye Juniors, and be glad of heart, for with the passing of the Scholastic year of '12-'13, we have passed into the dignity of the Upper School! The days of our humiliation are at an end, and we are at liberty to cultivate the solemn deportment and majestic step which mark the Senior. As the end of this, our Junior year, comes round, we look back with surprise and with a small degree of pain at our "evolution" during the past three years.

As Freshmen, how self-conscious we were! How little inclined to pay heed to anything or anybody other than the star of the gridiron, the diamond, the ice or the turf. Then as Sophs, we wondered why those poor ignorant freshmen did not bend the knee before us; why the seniors and juniors did not welcome us, the personification of super-abundant knowledge, with outstretched arms. But now, as we look back on all this, we wonder how we could have been so foolish.

Ever such is retrospect, but now to get down to present reality. It was thought at the beginning of the year that Class '14 would be unusually small, but when the call for new members sounded forth, several answered it with an alacrity which pays high tribute to the efficiency of the class.

It would be fulsome to enter into the various qualifications and accomplishments of each member in particular. The poor uninitiated, whose curiosity may be aroused by this short sketch, may, on turning to the individual pictures, see for himself this noble, studious (?) aggregation in facsimile.

For those who know the class—well, it is enough to know them. The wise man on becoming acquainted with '14 should at once buy himself a suit of mail, a coffin and some firearms, and should hold himself ready to shoot on the slightest provocation.

But III Arts is (not) known as the most studious class in the house. They never attempt to "bum" a lecture, especially if it is to be held at the "Royal" or "Princess"; they always have their work prepared, and are never found (if they hear you coming) with their feet on the desk, and cigars in their mouths, reading the "Cosmopolitan" or "Life." "Impossible!" you say. Well, ask the Prefect of the "Irish Flat."

We could go on *ad libitum* with praises of '14, but ye stony-hearted editor has limited the space, and here we must pause, hoping that we shall be editing "The Echo" next year, and shall be able to devote at least half the pages to the graduates of "Onety-Four."

I, A. G.



CHARLES P. DONOVAN  
 "JIGGERS" "YENS"  
 Wellsville, N.Y.  
 S.M.C. '07

6 feet, Comedian, Efficient  
 Usher, Plays piano, Aesthetic  
 dancer, Fond of chicken,  
 "Varsity" Representative.

*"Yon Charlie has a lean and  
 hungry look."*



HAROLD GONTER  
 "MIDGE"  
 Wellsville, N.Y.  
 S.M.C. '08

Greek, German, Handball,  
 Parlor, Fiddle, Clapper,  
 Musical (?), Fond of Sauer  
 Kraut.

*"That's pretty slick"*



WALTER M. GONTER  
 "DUTCH" "KAISER"  
 Wellsville, N.Y.  
 S.M.C. '06

Rugby—half-back, Varsity I,  
 College blacksmith, Society  
 bug, "Blonde"—St. Mich'l's  
 Hospital, Fond of Weiners  
 and Limburger Kase.

*"Seven years on the same road.  
 It's a long lane that has no  
 turning."*

ISIDORE A. GUERARD  
 "IZZY" "SKIN"  
 "YOUNGSTER"  
 Port Arthur. S.M.C. '10

Bum, Baby philosopher, Sec-  
 retary of State '12-'13, Ty-  
 phoid—St. Michael's Hos-  
 pital, "A perfect pet,"  
 Fond of pea soup and frog  
 legs.

*"Is a door a Guerard?"*





JOHN F. KEHOE

"JACK"

Bolton, Ont. S.M.C. '10

Midgets, Science, Fish, Fond  
of Milk.

*"I'm getting to be an awful  
bum—only nine hours work  
all day."*



EDGAR KENNEDY

"BRUNO"

Toronto. S.M.C. '12

Handsome, Pearly teeth,  
General course, compiler of  
Philosophy for years 1908-  
'13, Calls round once in a  
while, Fond of English and  
Hash.

*"Can I borrow your notes for  
a few days?"*



PATRICK L. O'BRIEN  
 "PAT" "PEEBLES"  
 Bartonville, Ont.  
 S.M.C. '10

Haw! Haw! Haw! Haw!  
 Peaches 25c. a basket,  
 Fond of Spaghetti.

*"A man may smile and smile,  
 and be a villain."*

J. RAYMOND O'NEIL  
 "RAY" "RORY"  
 North Bay, Ont.  
 S.M.C. '07

"Faddist," Minister of War  
 '10-'11, Opposition Whip  
 '12-'13, Fond of English,  
 Hockey Enthusiast.

*"He never falls asleep in class,  
 save when he shuts his eyes."*







A PROFESSOR'S DREAM—(Continued from page 29).

"Chas. Black, in replying to "The College," helped us to realize just what our Alma Mater was to her sons. Basil Kingsley gave a vivid account of the marvellous growth of "The Students' Parliament," and Ed. Brennan answered in true legislative style "that the government would give the matter serious consideration" and then ably told us why. Father Carr, in his reply to "Athletics," gave his views on the subject, and clearly showed that athletics are a necessary concomitant of education for the full development of a perfect man. Father Meader, a member of "the Faculty" gave a few incidents that he had experienced as one of this august body, and kindly apologised for any ill treatment the class may have received from them. The next bumper was drunk to Ireland, and T. J. McGwan took occasion to laud his oppressed and beloved fatherland. Last, but not least, came "The Ladies," and they received many nice respects and pretty compliments from Daniel Forestell.

"Rousing songs and college yells had lent color and effect to a most enjoyable evening, while Lady Nicotine this time under the guise of "Bachelor," interspersed her soothing presence amongst us all. The last toast had been spoken, the last bumper emptied and we rose to sing. "God Save the King"—but here's my station, so long, Barney, old man. Give my best to all the folks, and the next time you see Father Carr, ask him who Doodle was. Good-bye!"

F. C. O'L.

## History of Class '15



HE dusk of the II. Arts room was dispelled as a nervous hand turned the electric switch, sending the light scampering over those familiar rows of desks which from time immemorial have graced that ancestral chamber. That single act, performed in the stillness of a September evening in 1912, marked the beginning of the Sophomore Year of Onety-Five. When the members of Class '15 had recovered from the joy of reunion, and the hand-shaking was over, it was noticed how many freshmen companions had gone forth to spread abroad the fame of their class. To these friends of the past, Onety-Five extends its best wishes, and trusts that they may be successful in their divers positions, fulfilling their duty both to God and man.

But though weakened in number, the class gained in wisdom and dignity. The care-free Freshie has developed into that dignified personage of University life, to wit—the Sophomore. As they have conquered before, so have they mastered the intricate mazes of philosophy, and the “blue papers” that harmonise so well with the feeling they usually produce, are a source of but little terror to them.

These sophisticated gentlemen no longer find in themselves that peculiar aversion to rising to their feet in the impressive hall of the Students' Parliament. Their representative in the Cabinet, Mr. Pocock, has the polish and the smooth, oily smile of a Tammany boss, and those who have thrown in their lot with the opposition are unawed by the ultimatums of the Premier. Somers O'Connor, Chief Separatist Whip, is an energetic seconder of motions, due some day to take his place among the politicians of Gananoque. Though unfortunate in the debate with Class '16, they proved good losers, and only bide their time for another opportunity.

However, Athletics is their forte. When the Sons of Solomon displayed a most pitiful ambition in challenging the noble-minded worshippers of the Shamrock to a modern battle—a foot-ball game—was not the Irish team composed almost entirely of Sophomores? When “Dutch” was eliminated through the cruel wiles of the enemy, was it not our own light-haired “Cork” who replaced him, “out-Gentered” Gonter, and, amidst shouts of “Erin-go-Bragh!” and “Kill the Sheenies!” led on his warriors to the total extinguishment of the Israelites? To the classroom, too, of Second Year, the stars of the first team did wearily plod their limping way, nor did any facial disfigurement ever prevent Captain Ryan, Canfield, Nealon, Malone, Doyle, Lellis and Donovan from reciting with perfect interpretation the balcony scene from “Romeo and Juliet.”

The literary tastes of '15 are unusually high. Seldom is one granted such a privilege as to hear Bohan declaim in deep, dulcet tones, “What a piece of work is man!” But, Oh! Clayton, fear ye not! One may wear knickers and be “a man for a’ that.” What says this sad-eyed young man with dreamy stare and mournful voice? “Frailty, thy name is woman.” Alas, poor Earl! His was once a cheerful life! And behold O'Ray—a Daniel come to judgment—“O'Leary, you killed that





CLASS '15

toast!" "Murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ." Hatrick, Drohan and Sheehan form a trio of real musical worth, the last-mentioned being an accomplished master of the Calabash.

For Class '15, college life has been a chain of events, many pleasant and some disagreeable, but all tending to the betterment of its members. It is the wish of all that the unforged links of this chain may be strong and true as those already formed for on them will depend the futures of many fair young men.

B. McB.

## History of Class '16

Honorary President.....P. O'SULLIVAN, M.A.  
President.....T. L. HANRAHAN

*Chickety! Chockety! Chickety! Chockety! Cheen!*  
*We'll shout and fight for the blue and white,*  
*For the Class of Old 'Sixteen*  
*Morpology! Ocology!*  
*Bacterium! Schezrwah!*  
*Sixteen! Sixteen! Rah! Rah! Rah!*



IN the autumn of 1912, there gathered in old St. Michael's a score of ambitious young freshmen destined by fate to go down in history as the Class of "Onety-Six." From the four winds we came with visions of future greatness dancing before us—visions such as only a freshman can enjoy. It is true that former classes have surpassed us in quantity, but in quality we brook no rival. After getting our bearings on the new sea over which we were to sail for four years (let us hope peacefully and unmolested by storms which have rent former classes) we settled down to our work, and to the great joy of all, we dragged down to bitter defeat the haughty Sophs, in the first Inter-Year Debate. A vivid picture still lingers in our minds of the poor Sophs when the decision was given.

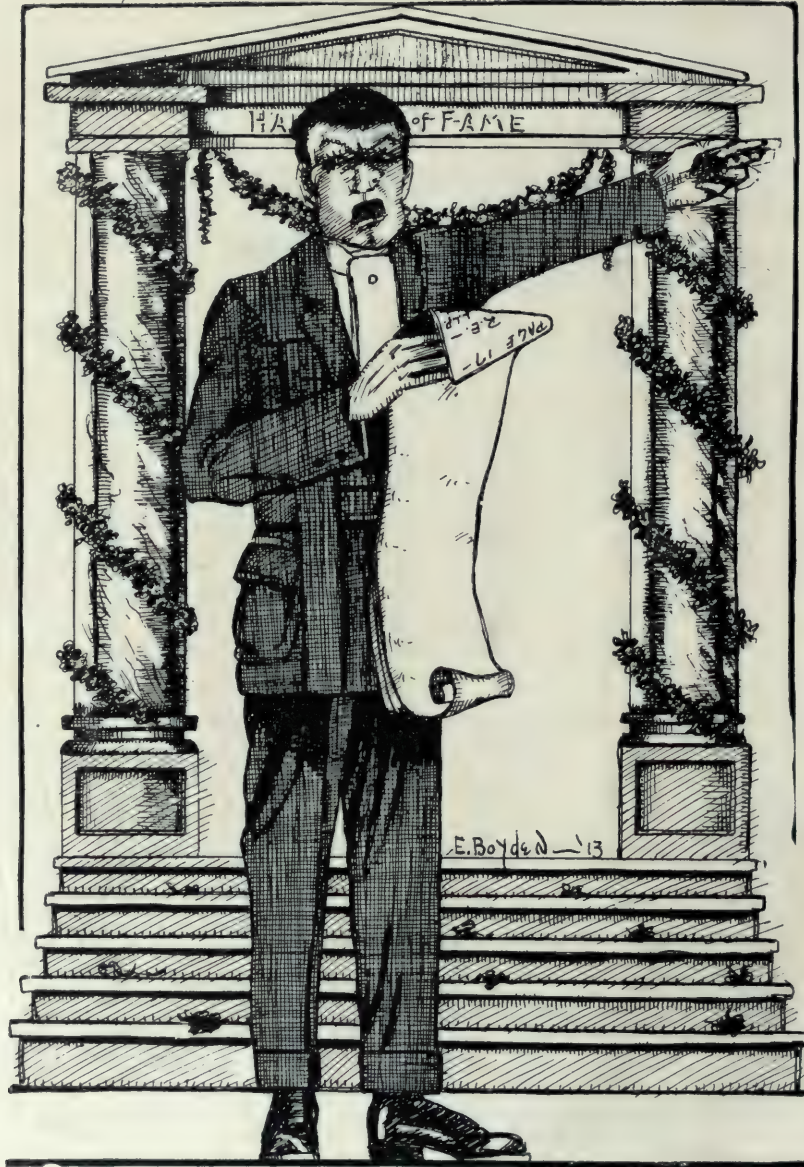
In Athletics, too, we have not been found wanting. Though few in numbers, we have been represented in every branch of sport, by men who have done honour to their college, their team and their class. O'Flaherty and Troy were stars on the first Rugby team, while on the second team we had Gallivan, Bunyan, and Sullivan, the last two also playing on the Junior O.H.A. team. In lacrosse and baseball, our worth has not been proved, but suffice it to say that when the gong rings, ushering in these sports, we shall be worthily represented. For behold our promising array:

From Westport comes Whelan, the Class poet. We have yet to be shown anything that Walter cannot express *a la* Tennyson. From Shelldrake, Mich., comes Labelle, the only representative of the fair land to the South. Collins and Garvey are a worthy pair from the "Electric City". The far-away gold-fields of Hastings County claims Gillen, quiet and reserved, but a leader in the Class. St. Thomas is represented by Gant, and from the "Ambitious City" we have Hanrahan, our Class President. Callaghan, who looks after our interests in the Students' Parliament as Under-Secretary of State, hails from Arthur. The Queen City sends a strong quartette in Armstrong, McCabe, Ellard and McDonagh, and from the far-distant Nepigon comes Barker. Last, but by no means least, come three of our number in Shanahan, Payette and Gendron, who claim Penetang as their home. Hovering on the horizon, methinks I see a dark cloud bearing the ominous word "Exams." We must prepare for the danger which threatens to engulf our ship. Ready for the storm, Boys! That the old ship may be found sailing again next year with the same crew, is the humble wish of the scribe of Onety-Six. J. McC.






CLASS '16



Debating



## Debating

N perusing the various articles of this book, the thought that most persistently presents itself to the reader, is that of progress, unhesitating, consistent progress. The department of Oratory and Debating is no exception. It differs only in the fact, that its upward trend had been *more* meteoric, and more conspicuous than that of the other departments.

True, St. Michael's has always recognised the importance of true eloquence, and her efforts have ever been earnest and unrelenting in cultivating it. During the last few years, however, interest among the students has vastly increased, and oratory and debating now occupy a position unsurpassed by any other branch of student activities.

To the Student's Parliament, in a great measure this success is due. "Eloquence must come, if it comes at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force." In no other way could its cultivation be so perfectly assisted, as by the Parliament of the Undergraduates.

Deserving of praise, as is this organization, it must perforce share its laurels with the Intercollegiate Debating Union. As a member of this union, we have been called upon to bring forth our most sturdy warriors in defence of our reputation. The victory that we won, and the one that we all but won, afford ample proof of the ability of our gladiators. But no matter what the cause or whose the credit, the fact remains, that oratory at St. Michael's is no monopoly of intellectual "high-brows", nor the disgust of sturdy athletes, but on the contrary is a living and interesting factor in the daily life of all the students.

### INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATES

In the first round of the Intercollegiate Debating Union St. Michael's was matched with Trinity College, at Trinity. Mr. Martin and Mr. Gahan supported the resolution that "The Privy Council as a Court of Final Appeal for Canada, be Abolished," while Mr. Brennan and Mr. O'Neil of St. Michael's, contended that it should not. The arguments advanced by all speakers showed signs of careful preparation and a thorough knowledge of the subject.

Mr. Martin, leader of the affirmative, is a clear, concise and convincing speaker, and presented his points in an enthusiastic and persuasive manner. Mr. Brennan, leader of the negative was equally emphatic, and his frequent bursts of rhetoric, coupled with unassailable logic won deserving applause. It was left for Mr. Gahan however, to cause the sensation of the evening. Ignoring all anticipated argument, he devoted almost his entire speech to an elaborate plea for an Imperial Council to take the place of the present Privy Council. Mr. O'Neil in replying to this somewhat extraordinary procedure, displayed excellent judgment by declaring that the council proposed was merely a reform of the existing one, and refused to discuss the plan. His own arguments in favor of the present system were well thought out and ably presented. His attitude, however, evidently nettled the leader of the affirmative, who, in his rebuttal, waxed eloquent in endeavoring to justify his colleague's proposed substitution.

The Judges, Professor J. J. Hume, Ph.D., Mr. D. Miller, and Dr. Keerstead, after keeping everybody in a state of suspense, for what seemed an interminable length of time, finally announced that although both sides showed much ability, yet, St. Michael's deserved the victory. That this was the general opinion of those present was evident from the reception this announcement received.

The defeated students, generous in defeat, as well as in victory, extended a gracious invitation to their "Angelic visitors" as the chairman, Rev. H. T. Duckworth, M.A., aptly termed us, to remain for a little dance for which preparations had been made. Needless to say the invitation was highly appreciated, and those sufficiently aesthetic to trip the "light fantastic" report a memorable time.

But magnificent as was this victory it soon gave place to the undivided attention that was bestowed on the semi-final contest. McMaster University, giants in the art of debating, were pitted against St. Michael's and it was seen at once that a supreme effort would be necessary to secure success.

Our spacious club room having fallen into the hands of the decoration committee was literally transformed, and presented an artistic and inviting appearance. McMaster's students arrived early, and occupied one-third of the hall, while the remainder was reserved for St. Michael's guests, who filled it to overflowing.

The chairman of the meeting, Mr. Day, filled his position admirably; while the Judges, Rev. T. C. S. Macklem, M.A., D.D., Hon. Justice R. F. Sutherland, and Hon. Justice Latchford, lent dignity and tone to the occasion.

The affirmative of the resolution, namely, "That Government ownership and operation of all railways in Canada would be more beneficial to Canada, than private ownership and operation," was upheld by Messrs. B. T. Kingsley and E. M. Brennan of St. Michael's. Both speakers were well acquainted with their subject, they had their points judiciously divided and their orations gave evidence, of studious preparation of unmistakable debating ability. Mr. Kingsley as leader, surpassed the fondest expectations of his most ardent admirers, while Mr. Brennan, sustained his already envious reputation.

However, the defenders of the negative, Mr. R. A. L. Knight, B.A., and Mr. H. C. Cline were equal to the occasion and showered their irrefutable arguments a la Demosthenes.

While the judges were arriving at their decision musical selections were rendered by Mr. Gilbert Reynolds and St. Michael's quartette. Mr. Brazil, by special request, also favored with one of his famous monologues and as usual highly amused his audience.

The disappointment of the college supporters was almost overwhelming when Mr. Justice Sutherland on behalf of the judges announced that McMaster had won the debate. But true sportsmen, as they inevitably are, they accepted defeat and cheered heartily for the victors.

Though defeated, we have every reason to feel gratified at the showing made. It would have been impossible as one of the judges significantly remarked to have come any closer and not won. However, as suggested above, we owe much to the spur and incentive supplied by the I.C.D.U. and we will enter next year, more experienced and more determined, than ever to secure the Shield.

L. M. F.



# Inter-Year Debates

SENIORS vs. JUNIORS



THE 7th of December witnessed a great battle. Never did Napoleon strive more fiercely with arms than Senior and Junior Arts did on this memorable day with words. The hall, filled with students and faculty, was uncannily quiet under a psychological spell of excitement.

The Chairman arises, a few well-chosen words and the battle is on. From the right of the judges arises a soldier, his tall figure erect, his blue eyes sparkling, his face flushed as with the bloom of the full-blown rose. He begins with the magnetic words of the contest: "Resolved: That Government Ownership and Operation of all the Railways in Canada is Preferable to Private Ownership and Operation." There he stands, Mr. Leonard M. Forristal, a worthy representative of the Senior year—pleading, eulogizing the cause of government ownership. The blow is struck; the spectators hushed with the excitement and dumfounded in the torrent of eloquence break forth into a mighty clatter as this Websterian gentleman calmly resumes his seat.

Like a rocket sent heavenward, noiseless in ascent, and then breaking forth in a mighty roar, Mr. Patrick L. O'Brien appeared at the firing line. His dignified poise and ever-cheerful smile but ill conceal the lust for battle that glitters in his eye. He commences. Argument follows argument, points he cannot answer he so beclouds that it is nearly impossible to disclose the error. He drives his shaft keen and true, couched in elegant language, and sinks to his stool exhausted.

The chair flies backward, the floor quivers and there he stands, left hand on table, right arm extended; the gleam of battle in his eye: Mr. F. Chas. O'Leary, a noble colleague, a formidable opponent. Like the continued report from a repeating gun, he clearly and strongly begins, filling every nook and corner of the spacious room with his melodious voice. Too swiftly passes the time for his supporters; too slowly for his opponents. He has fought bravely—wonderfully. Applause follows applause and Mount Hope seems unsafe for the dead.

Can Mr. Kehoe accomplish his part—a stupendous deed for a stupendous man? With a fierce glance at his enemy and a winning smile toward the judges he strikes an attitude and breaks forth. Holding the mirror up to Public ownership, he proved in the white light of logic that the people of Canada were better as they are, and, seemingly swept away, piece by piece, all the affirmative constructions. The gavel sounds. The speaker closes his convincing speech, the hopes of his comrades are in the seventh heaven, with the applause deafening even there.

A hush broods over the assembly; the last actor of this tense drama arises. With him the Seniors' hope stands or falls. To win or not to win is the question of the moment. But, just as Nestor, the sweet-tongued orator of the Pylians, captivated, conquered and convinced the hearts of all his kinsfolk, so Leonard, the golden-voiced debater with his honey-sweet words, swayed, charmed and persuaded the minds of his fellow-students. Gallant as he was in attack, he now becomes severe in denunciation, and like some great conqueror, he brings to a close a wordy contest not less illustrious than Waterloo or Austerlitz.

The judges retired, their countenances betraying their feelings. There is to be

peace, but who will get the lion's share of the spoils? Soon, however all anxiety is dispelled when Mr. Power, on behalf of his fellow-colleagues, Messrs. Hughes and Murphy, awards the decision to the affirmative. Happiness is the portion of the seniors; disappointment belongs to the juniors; the hatchet is buried and peace descends on all.

J. A. M.

## Sophs vs. Freshies



FROM the very dawn of college existence there has always been an undying, resolute spirit of rivalry between the first two years, the Sophs and Freshies. Friends they might be, individually, but once assembled together, the innate spirit of strife immediately springs forth and, for the time at least, they are as bitterest enemies. It should occasion no surprise, then, that having been pitted against each other in debate, both forces turned out *en masse*.

Who could believe that such an innocent, harmless subject, "Resolved, That the Influence of Pope on English Literature was Greater than that of Tennyson" could be the cause of such an excited gathering? In this thrilled assembly the debaters alone seemed calm and collected. The chairman, either lonesome on the platform or like an umpire at enmity with both sides, appears uncomfortable; the judges amazed with the excitement they see about them and instilled with respect for the objects of their decision, twitch nervously in their chairs.

The Debate— How shall I describe it? Shall I tell how Joe McCarthy reviewed the excellent poems of his hero; the splendid criticism afforded them; the fame attributed by thousands of people to them? Indeed, well might Pope had he been present, blushed to hear himself accorded such an appreciation. Or shall I recount how Tennyson, sitting silently, downcast and dejected, is suddenly made to awaken as Bob McBrady emphasizes *his* greatness? This budding orator, in language worthy even of the great Johnson, recalls the characteristic poems of the late Poet Laureate, criticises and eulogizes them, striking terror into the hearts of his opponents and instilling courage into those of his supporters.

"Received, but reck'd not of a wound," Joe McDonough bursts into the fray. Tennyson's weariness, obscurity and impossibilities are subjected to a scathing denunciation. Not less emphatic is his portrayal of the power of Pope, tracing his influence throughout all succeeding literature, even finding marks of it in the much-talked-of Tennyson.

In terms both befitting and explicit, David Mulligan gives the substance of the great works of his poet, calls attention to his beautiful and fanciful language, his knowledge of the future, his pathos and his brilliant scenic imagery. Pope he abhors; he was a fop and a slave to appearances, and his character is seen everywhere in his works.

The Debate being finished, Messrs. Prendergast, Blake and O'Brien, proceed to their task. After considerable deliberation, Mr. Prendergast announced that on the merits of the case as presented by the speakers, the judges unanimously agreed that Pope was just a notch ahead of Tennyson in the hall of literary fame. The conquering freshies are exultant and the poor sophs, tho' defeated and disappointed as usual show their excellent spirit and unite in a rousing cheer for the freshies. J.A.M.



The Relation of  
St. Joseph's College  
and  
Loretto Abbey to St. Michael's  
College  
and  
through it to the University  
of Toronto

**S**T. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE being entrusted with the teaching and training Catholic students registered in the University of Toronto and being at the same time an institution for young men only, find itself in the position of being forced to provide for the higher education of young women, since it is directly responsible for them. Though St. Michael's sphere is the teaching of young men, and though it would be far more satisfactory and less troublesome to restrict herself to that, she would be shirking her duty to the Catholics of Ontario and Canada were she to avoid the question of young women. The number of these in attendance at the University has increased greatly in the last few years, and will increase more and more as years go by. Catholic young women are going to receive University education. They must be kept under Catholic influence and teaching. Loretto Abbey and St. Joseph's College offer the solution to this problem which confers on the Catholics of this province advantages unsurpassed if equalled anywhere.

St. Michael's College as a federated college of the University is empowered to teach all students registered in the college in arts. No restriction is placed upon her in regard to the appointment of her professors or the lecture rooms. By this teachers and lecture rooms can be appointed by St. Michael's College in these two institutions enabling them both to do for young women what the college is already doing for young men. It leaves both St. Joseph's and Loretto full freedom for complete development. They are already at the work.

This means that no Catholic young women intending to enter the University should entertain the idea of taking the course anywhere else. Nearly all lectures are given in the work they do, at both places. Only for laboratory work and a few University subjects, is attendance elsewhere necessary. Lectures in Religious Knowledge, Ethics, Logic, Psychology, are given by professors from St. Michael's.

Young women can receive as high a training as any given in any University in the world, and hardly leave convent walls. Not only is the success of the sisters in other work a sufficient guarantee of what they will accomplish here but the examinations are a test that makes efficiency essential.





# Loretto




# Abbey





## Loretto Abbey

 ORETTO ABBEY, founded in 1847 and removed to its present location in 1867, is a college and academy under the direction of the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary who are known by various popular titles: "Ladies of Loretto" in the Irish filiations; "Die Englischen Fraulein" in the German and Bavarian branches; and "Le Donne Inglesi" in Italy.

The Institute is the oldest of the unclioistered orders devoted to education, the foundress, Mary Ward, being a contemporary of St. Francis de Sales. It is likewise, certainly the first, and probably the only one of purely English origin to be found since the Reformation. The purpose of its establishment in England was to check the influences that were making such inroads on the field of Catholicity there.

The Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary is spread throughout England, Ireland, Germany, Austria, South Africa, Spain, Italy, India, Canada, United States, Australia and the Mauritius.

The four years course leading to a degree in Arts was carried on for many years in Ireland, at Loretto College, Stephen's Green, Dublin, until the National University, a Catholic co-educational Institution superseded the Royal University in 1909. It is now conducted as a women's residence. The Institute House of St. Mary's Cambridge, is a chartered residence for students attending the University and the Cambridge Training School for graduates of the British Universities. The Royal Institute which occupies a portion of the Palace at Nymphenburg is conducted by "Die Englischen Fraulein" while their collegiate schools at Altotting and other places correspond to our "Faculty of Education," the teachers holding degrees from Prague and other European Universities. Loretto House in Calcutta is affiliated directly with the University of that city.

Loretto Abbey, Toronto, for many years a centre where culture has been attained by a distinctive system of education, has adapted itself to the conditions of the time gradually incorporating in its curricula, whatever features of modern education were necessary or helpful for preparing its students for a useful career, Junior and Honor Matriculation, and Junior and Senior Leaving classes have been conducted at the Abbey since 1892, the later class being particularly successful. In the June examinations of 1912, of the thirteen candidates who wrote for Entrance to the Faculty of Education, twelve were successful, four securing honors.

It was not, however, until last year that the Abbey began to follow the example of her European and Asiatic sisters in the matter of higher education.


Loretto Abbey is now a residential college for the woman students registered at St. Michael's College, which is federated with Toronto University. The students write the examinatonns and receive their degrees from Toronto University, attending lectures there in what are known as University subjects, e.g. Geology and Chemis-

try of Second Year and making use of the magnificently equipped laboratories for practical work. All other subjects, such as Classics, Modern Languages, and Philosophy are taken at the Abbey.

The students thus enjoy a unique advantage that of obtaining a degree from a University of the acknowledged standing of Toronto, combined with a thorough Catholic training and environment, a fact which, we think, the Catholics of the Dominion will not be slow to appreciate. T. O'R

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## History of Class '15

HE position of the class of '15 is a unique one, the brilliant trio who compose it being the first students of Loretto College. Though the class is small in number when compared with those of our sister colleges, its particular watchword is quality not quantity. And after all could quantity be expected in the maiden year of a college's existence?

Miss Gertrude Ryan, more commonly known as "Curly" for obvious reasons, claims Mitchell for her home town. She received her early education from the Loretto Nuns in Stratford and still pursues "Scientia" beneath Loretto's white and blue. As proof of her popularity and literary ability she has been chosen as the representative of Loretto College, for "The Echo."

Hastings has the honour of being the scene of Miss Teresa Coughlin's early life and education. She spent some years at Loretto, Hamilton, then transferred her allegiance to the Abbey. Teresa, in addition to being an excellent student, is also an ardent admirer of Gadske's art, and her trills, which she is preparing for a certain future date, would charm

*" Magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn."*

Last, but far from least, comes Miss Mary Power. Mary, a Toronto girl, has spent most of her school life at the Abbey. While she is usually found in one of the Lecture Halls from eight till eleven, still she is often persuaded to leave Livy and his colleague Kelly to spend an hour or so with her neighbours of the upper flat.

There are great expectations centered in this first class of Loretto by both teachers and friends. May their efforts be crowned with success and may Alma Mater be justly proud of her Class of '15. E.D.



## History of Class of '16

### HONOUR



THE credit of Loretto is well sustained in the Honour Class of '16 and we feel assured that the standard of the second graduating year may be fearlessly entrusted to the members of this class—Miss Edna Duffey, Miss Teresa O'Reilly, and Miss Gertrude McQuade, all three of whom are excellent students. Occasionally, however, with great reluctance, they tear themselves away from the "curiosa felicitas" of Horace or the sonorous periods of Cicero to indulge in the dissipating but highly fascinating diversion of "London Bridge" or "Pussy wants a Corner," but even then, feeling the need of a classical precedent for their frivolity, they softly murmur: "Dulce est desipere in loco."

The flourishing little town of Wildfield has given a brilliant light to Loretto College in the person of Miss Teresa O'Reilly. For the past four years, she has pursued her studies at the Abbey and as each successive examination carried off honours. "Our little Treese," whose auburn tresses cover a very wise head indeed, is a model of industry and her diligence accompanied as it always is, by such worthy results, makes us realize fully the force of her favorite passage: "Iam tempus res agi."

Miss Edna Duffy, takes great pride in informing her friends that her home is in Lima, Ohio. She is a graduate of Loretto, Niagara, and in this, her second year at the Abbey, bids fair to achieve even greater success than before. As a proof of her ability as financier, she was elected Treasurer of the C.W.C. in April, 1912, which office she still holds and the duties of which she discharges to the satisfaction of all.

Miss Gertrude McQuade is a native of the classic City of Stratford. She received her primary and academic training under the direction of the Loretto nuns in that city, coming to the Abbey two years ago. Loretto, Stratford lost one of its most brilliant students when Gertrude came to Toronto to enter upon her University career. Bearing in mind that our Stratford classmate has as her motto: "Excelsior," we may expect that her brow will be twined with the well-won laurel and "sublime feriet sidera vertice."

# History of Class of '16

## GENERAL



HE General Course students of '16 may be said to present "infinite riches in a little room." Though only four in number, they afford a remarkable variety of types: the literary, the athletic, the musical and the mathematical interests are well represented.

Miss Cecile Coughlin who since coming to the Abbey has well sustained the reputation for originality and scholarship which preceded her from Loretto, Hamilton, disdains not to tune the Lesbian Lyre on Wednesday evenings and "fill each pause the nightingale hath made." Miss Dorothy Furlong, a Norwich maiden, is now spending her second year at the Abbey and interlarding her studies as a First Year Arts student with the more congenial ones of vocal and instrumental music.

Miss Gertrude Murphy of Cayuga (a town which is easily accessible by way of the Panama Canal) besides being an excellent student, holds the championship of the Abbey as a tennis player, having particularly distinguished herself at the great game of last summer, than which nothing finer has been seen in athletics at the Abbey since the Great International Croquet Tournament—Lindsay vs. Manchester in 1911.

Miss Nellie Madigan is a very young lady from Deseronto, whose extraordinary avidity for facts, united to her remarkable naivete, has won for her the pseudonym of "Wee MacGreegor." Her mathematical prowess was shown in the University term examinations when her name stood first of the entire list of students, to the no small satisfaction of her fellow-collegians.





## Metempsychosis



HAD been reading Carlyle's "Past and Present," and had just finished the chapter called "Gospel of Dilettantism," when I closed my eyes and settled myself for a quiet reflection on the Moslem story therein contained. It had made such an impression on me, that I repeated it from memory. A tribe of men dwelt on the shores of the Asphaltic Lake, and having forgotten the inner facts of nature and taken up with the falsities and outer semblance of it, were fallen into sad conditions. Whereupon it pleased kind Heaven to send them the Prophet Moses, with an instructive word of warning out of which might have sprung remedial measures not a few. But no: the men of the Dead Sea discovered no comeliness in Moses: listened with real tedium to Moses, with light grinning and sneers, affecting even to yawn and deciding that Moses was *probably* a humbug and *certainly* a bore. The Prophet withdrew, but nature and her rigorous veracities did not withdraw. The men of the Dead Sea, when we next went to visit them, were all changed into apes, sitting on trees there, grinning now in the most unaffected manner; gibbering and chattering very genuine nonsense, finding the whole universe now a most undisputable Humbug! From this realistic little story my mind wandered out into the realism of metempsychosis and I was soon lost in the mazes of this wonderful theory—the transmigration of souls. Were the ancient believers in this theory so very far astray, I asked myself, or could it be possible that human beings would eventually assume the forms of animals they most resembled in life? While pondering upon this question, Manto, the prophetess, and the Spirit of Poesy appeared before me. With a graceful wave of her hand, Manto lifted the veil with which she discreetly hides the future, and at the same time sweet Poesy whispered: "Behold, and under Apollo's inspiration, tell what thou seest!"

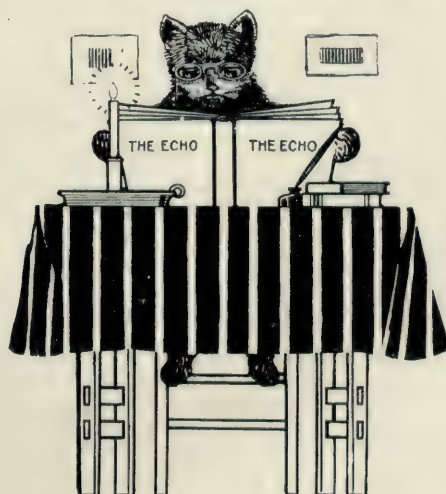
I see a lovely grove with swaying trees  
Nodding and bending in each sportive breeze.  
Beneath wide spreading branches now appear  
A host of animals both far and near.  
Upon the boughs are birds of every hue  
And all around as far as I can view  
Are living creatures, yet no human kind  
In all that vast assemblage can I find.  
And yet these forms which hurry to and fro  
Do seem familiar—Ah! At last I know  
What all portends! They've reached their destined goals!  
These animals are transmigrated souls!  
The grinning apes I read of in Carlyle?  
Yet no, for these look up with *friendly* smile.  
Alas! Some were my class-mates long ago,  
Who laughed and chatted during class, and so  
They now grin on forever at their ease.  
What noble destiny for such as these!  
A multitude of serpents I espy—

What can this mean? When girls they were not sly!  
 Oh, now tis' clear, this wondrous mystery!  
 It came of narrow skirts, I plainly see,  
 Nor quadruped nor biped could aspire  
 To follow fashion save in this attire.  
 So comfort, ease and grace they sacrifice  
 To writhe in agony in this disguise.  
 "I knew 'twould come to this," I wisely said,  
 Then suddenly, the talk above my head  
 Attracted me—'twas dullest monotone  
 That one could hear in any clime or zone.  
 A flock of parrots muttered o'er and o'er  
 Some senseless words which I had heard before.  
 Latin and French; Church History; Literature,  
 Picked up from prompters in the days of yore.  
 Their voices soon grew dim as louder rose  
 Upon the air, vociferous rooster-crows.  
 Stretching long necks—Rossetti well might praise  
 In rapture—they pour forth their lyric lays.  
 Just as they crowed of their achievements, when  
 They school-girls were—and now they crow again!  
 The varied transmigrations I behold,  
 E'en with Apollo's help can't all be told.  
 Some are sly foxes, others, wise old owls,  
 Chattering magpies and ungainly fowls.  
 Some are gruff bears and monkeys not a few,  
 While butterflies are plentiful to view.  
 Alas! Among them all I plainly trace  
 Some faint resemblance to familiar face!  
 Now Manto with a wave, the veil unrolls  
 Another group of transmigrated souls  
 Revealing.....See the lowly snow-white doves  
 That coo in happiness amid the groves.  
 These kept their innocence through their career  
 And now they soar aloft above all here.  
 And there are perfect ducks and happy squirrels  
 That still retain the features of our girls.  
 In crystal ponds beside the velvet lawns  
 Are floating peacefully some graceful swans  
 That once were awkward school-girls. In the night  
 A host of brilliant fireflies lend their light  
 Just as they shone of old. Neath leafy boughs  
 I see some quiet, contemplating cows,  
 That ruminate on nature's lovely scene  
 With happy air and meditative mien.  
 A gay quartette now comes beneath my gaze




For though metempsychosis casts her charm  
 I still can recognize each friendly form.  
 One is a little lamb, all fleecy white,  
 A pet with everyone; a lovely sight.  
 It looks at me and gives a happy bleat,  
 Did e'er I think our Edna so to meet!  
 A pretty, busy bee with golden head,  
 Is humming round a lovely scented bed,  
 Sipping the honey from the fairest flowers,  
 And thus it passes all the well-spent hours  
 Never a moment idle, as of old.  
 'Tis little T'resa's features now unfold.  
 A graceful form now greets me, yet I laugh  
 To see Marie transformed to a giraffe!  
 To be this creature how she must rejoice!  
 The only animal without a voice!  
 A merry thrush upon a bough is perched  
 Not long for recognition have I searched,  
 'Tis Gertrude making melody in hearts  
 Just as she practiced all her choral parts;  
 'Tis alto now, again the strain is higher  
 As when of old she charmed Cecelia's choir.  
 Gaily she flits about from tree to tree  
 And fills the air with happy melody.  
 Oh! For a camera to photograph  
 The gay young thrush and graceful tall giraffe!  
 But Manto dropped her veil, Apollo ceased  
 His inspirations—

and back I came to plain prose and real life, to find myself still in my chair and yet  
 but half convinced 'twas but a dream, it all seemed so like what might have been!



TIME'S  
 REVENGE  
 UPON  
 THE  
 AUTHOR

## Notes—Social, Literary and Musical

HE inter-class reception held Saturday afternoon, October 19th, was eminently successful. The library and lecture room adjoining were suitably arranged, and tastefully decorated for the occasion, with a profusion of ferns and chrysanthemums, and a befitting display of pennants representing Toronto University, St. Michael's College, and Loretto Abbey. Misses Gertrude Ryan and Teresa Coughlin presided at the tea-table, assisted by Miss Mary Power and Miss Edna Duffy. A visit from Reverend Mother Stanislaus and Mother Alexandrine contributed much to the enjoyment of the party.

On Tuesday afternoon, October 29th, the Catholic Women's Club were entertained at Loretto Abbey. Tea was served in the academic refectory, where graceful festoons of blue and white converged toward a statue of Our Blessed Lady enthroned amid a mass of palms and ferns.

After tea, a short programme was provided by the academic graduates and Arts students who danced the minuet of our great-great-grandmothers to the music of a quaint old song.

An excursion to the farm at Langstaffe was among the diversions of the Michaelmas term. A pleasant afternoon was spent exploring the extensive domain, with its winding brooks, rolling hills and stretches of orchard and woodland.

The students of the Abbey have been particularly fortunate in the number of recitals by distinguished artists which they have been privileged to attend. Among others, those of Mr. Arthur Friedheim, Mr. Edouard Hesselberg, Mr. Kirschbaum—assisted by Mr. Paul Hahn (cello),—Miss Louise McPherson and Miss Julia O'Sullivan (violin), the latter two being former pupils of the Abbey.

The first annual literary entertainment of the Mary Ward Club (students in the faculties of Arts and Education) took the form of an Eighteenth Century Evening followed by "A dinner at the Mitre Inn," that famous resort of Johnson and his compeers.

The programme in the auditorium consisted of songs by Gay, Thompson, Arne and others; several scenes from "The Rivals," "The School for Scandal" and "She Stoops to Conquer"; and discussions on the merits and style of the principal dramatists of the period. The programme was given with more than ordinary taste and spirit. Miss Gertrude Ryan made an inimitable "Bob Acres," while Miss Edna Duffy was, on that occasion, so permeated with the spirit of "Mrs. Malaprop" that she has not since regained her command over the English language.

The club then conducted the guests of honour, Rev. F. D. Meader, B.A., C.S.B., and Rev. A. McCaffrey, to the sign of the Mitre, where they found the college dining room transferred into an inn of the eighteenth century, the walls graced by mottoes from Gray, Goldsmith, Addison, Swift and Johnson, and a bright fire burning in the grate. The four-square table, decorated with English roses and ferns, presented a charming appearance, especially when garlanded with fair maidens arrayed in all the bravery of powder and patches and brilliant gowns.



At a signal from the toast-mistress, Miss Myra Street, the young ladies, assuming the characters of the famous Literary Club over which Johnson presided, enacted the scene from Frankfort Moore's novel, "The Jessamy Bride," in which Garrick, by cleverly disguising himself as a clerical relative of Goldsmith's, gets an opportunity of administering a long-deserved rebuke to the great dictator himself.

Toasts were then proposed to various literary men of the classic age and gracefully responded to, witty anecdotes were told, and the evening ended with "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," the guests of honour contributing a generous share to a unique and very delightful entertainment.

A remarkably interesting lecture was that on Titian Art, given by Mrs. George T. Courtney of Detroit. Mrs. Courtney, who is a profound and enthusiastic student of the art of the great cinque-cento, gave as much pleasure by her graceful delivery as by her thorough knowledge of her subject.

On Saturday afternoon, April 5th, the Arts Students received the Matriculants at a very pretty afternoon tea in the Abbey drawing room. The color-scheme was green and gold, daffodils and ferns being used as floral decorations. The members of the class of '15 formed the reception committee and presided at the tea-table, the class of '16 assisting. Many novel features were added to facilitate the process of getting acquainted, with such good effect that before separating guests and hostesses "*inter se fidem et insiurandum dederunt.*"

Ingeniously worded posters along the walls of corridors, as well as certain peculiar sounds issuing from the lecture hall announce to the general public that the Jeanne d'Arc Club is about to give a French play, "La Poudre aux Yeux." Seats at popular prices: admission, ten cents; reserved seats, two cents extra; box seats, twenty-five; children who have not attained the use of reason go by weight, three to five cents. The "gods" and back-stairs will, as usual, be open to the financially embarrassed at five cents. The following is the cast of characters:—

<i>Madame Malingear</i> .....	Mlle GERTRUDE RYAN
<i>Monsieur Malingear</i> .....	Mlle THERESE O'REILLY
<i>Monsieur Ratinois</i> .....	Mlle GERTRUDE MCQUADE
<i>Madame Ratinois</i> .....	Mlle EDNA DUFFY
<i>Frederic</i> .....	Mlle THERESE COUGHLIN
<i>Emmeline</i> .....	Mlle CECILE COUGHLIN
<i>Oncle Robert</i> .....	Mlle MARIE POWER
<i>Sophie</i> .....	Mlle HELENE MADIGAN
<i>Alexandrine</i> .....	Mlle DOROTHY FURLONG
<i>Un Monsieur</i> .....	Mlle GERTRUDE RYAN
Josephine, un Chasseur, un petit negre.	

"Everyman," the best of the Morality Plays of the fifteenth century, was presented by the Loretto Alumnae Association on Tuesday, April 8th, at half-past four o'clock. This play, so important in the evolution of the drama, was of special interest to the students of the English departments. We append the account given by the "Toronto World."

"Yesterday afternoon (April 8th) the Loretto Alumnae Dramatic Club presented the play "Everyman" before an audience that packed the large hall of the abbey to its utmost capacity. Many of the city clergy and a number of the teaching staff of the university were present. The offering of the Dramatic Club was one which tests the skill and endurance of professionals, which makes the success of yesterday all the more pronounced, for that it was a grand success was the opinion expressed on every hand.

The leading role, "Everyman," was taken by Miss Teresa McKenna, and her interpretation of the trying and onerous part was admirable, adding to her already established reputation in dramatic circles. Miss Christina Collins as "Good Deeds" won fresh laurels and Miss Cecil McKenna as the Messenger, Miss Alice McLellan, who had the dual characters Death and Riches, Miss Eugene Defoe as Fellowship and Miss G. Twomey, Strength, were all especially good. Others in the caste were: Miss Nora Rooney, Discretion; Miss Louise Foy, Kinsman; Miss Aileen Clark, Friendship; Miss Alberta McNabb, Beauty; Miss G. Podger, Five Wits; Miss Eilleen Cark, Confession; Miss Quirk and Miss C.Coughlan, Monks. The undergraduates of the school sang the choruses behind the scenes and the juniors made admirable acolytes and processionists. The play as a whole was probably the most ambitious thing of the kind attempted by amateurs in the city."





# St. Joseph's College





ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL



## Memories



FO and sixty years ago when our Queen City was not the great metropolis it now is, four Religious women came to Toronto to make unostentatiously the first Canadian foundation of their Congregation. One year later, the Basilian Fathers established their college some distance from the little convent or "White House" in Power street. Both had come to Toronto at the invitation of Bishop de Charbonnel, of holy memory; both had a place, deep and abiding, in his warm, paternal heart. In 1854, St. Michael's College, through the generosity of the late Hon. Captain John Elmsley, fixed its abode on the then Clover Hill estate. In 1863, St. Joseph's, owing to the munificence of the same kindly benefactor, removed to the same locality.

*"Sixty summers with their roses and their fragrance, Sixty winters, with their whiteness and the shimmer of their snows"* have come and gone, and ever has there existed between the two institutes a kindly, mutual interest, based on identity of purpose—Catholic Education.

Though the colour and atmosphere of the early sixties have vanished, the fragrance of those by-gone days still lingers; though the conditions of six decades ago have altered, and the material hardships incidental to first beginnings have disappeared, their soulful memories remain. The few surviving pioneer members of both Communities tell us that College and Convent were separated by only one vast meadow of sweet-smelling clover, transformed in winter to a great, pathless snow field, which the good Father, acting as Chaplain to Sisters and pupils, traversed as best he might. St. Joseph's grounds, now so spacious and beautiful, its fine gardens filled with magnificent trees, its pleasant walks and quiet nooks full of sunshine and the song of birds, were then but areas of barren, undrained marsh land; while the colossal pile of academic and collegiate buildings, forming now the largest residential and day school for girls in the province, was then but a modest, one-winged convent school. Many are the changes the last sixty years have witnessed; happily, there is one change that has not occurred, and that is that the Basilian Fathers still minister to the spiritual needs of St. Joseph's. They have been chaplains, spiritual directors and teachers of doctrine during all those years. When shall the teachings be forgotten of saintly Father Vincent gone to his reward, of cultured Dr. Teefy who lately followed him, or of dear old Father Frachon, for forty-one years Guide and Friend and Father, our link between the present and the past? Generation after generation of St. Joseph's pupils have been instructed by the priests of St. Michael's College to "remember thy Creator in the days of youth, before the time of affliction come, before the silver cord be broken, and the golden fillets shrink back, and the pitcher be crushed at the fountain, and the wheel be broken upon the cistern, and the earth return into its dust from whence it was, and the spirit return to God Who gave it."

Did the students of St. Joseph's gain no other benefits than the privilege of witnessing in their Convent chapel the ceremonies of Holy Mother Church, carried out with as much stately pomp and splendour as are the functions in a great Cathedral, they would be immeasurably repaid for the time spent within their College halls,





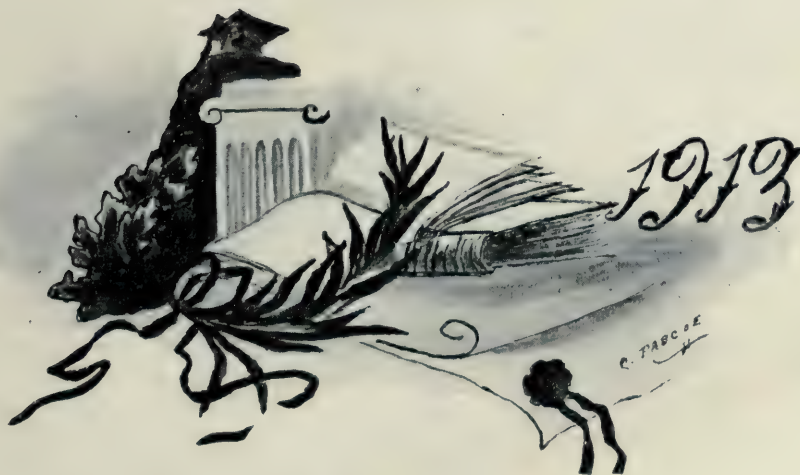
because the worship of God bears no comparison with the gifts of men. In no Convent of Ontario are the feasts of Holy Church so worthily celebrated. Who that has ever assisted in St. Joseph's at the Forty Hours devotion or on the Feast of Corpus Christi, can ever forget the sublimity and heavenliness of the scene, or cease to hear, with their spirit's ear,

*"The glorious swell of chanted psalm and prayer,  
And the deep organ's bursting heart throb through the shivering air"?*

These are the scenes that live, the memories that never die; those blessed scenes, those sacred memories that become the life-possession of all St. Joseph's students, and remain with them even until they enter the "Valley of the Shadow," owe their being to the generous Fathers and Scholastics of St Basil's, who come in numbers to the vast Convent sanctuary, giving their Sacramental God unstinted service.

Are not these soul-possession worth the getting? Are not these sacred memorials that enter into the student's life and become a part of her being, the best, the fairest, the most heavenly treasures Alma Mater can bestow? For sixty years St. Michael's has enabled St. Joseph's students to amass these treasures that "neither the moth nor the rust can consume"; for sixty years her priests have taught these same students "to do the things of God," and—to quote the Jubilee Ode of one of her gifted sons:

*"Because of this, thy work is truly great,  
The season of thy fruitage never late."*



## Arts



ALTHOUGH St. Joseph's College began the course for a degree in Arts at the University of Toronto in 1907, by preparing for the examinations of the first two years extra murally, it was not until October, 1911, that she was admitted to the privileges of a residential college for the Catholic women registered in St. Michael's College. Now, her students may obtain their degrees in Arts from the University, on passing the uniform arts examinations of the four years, without attendance at outside lectures, except one or two weekly for the first two years in the science laboratories of the University. It is therefore possible to enjoy the advantages of a Provincial University, while safeguarded by the salutary religious influence of a Catholic college.

At present there are in residence twelve students in Arts, seven of whom are registered at St. Michael's College. The number is small indeed, but to climb steep hills requires slow pace at first, and "*non numero hae judicantur sed pondere.*"

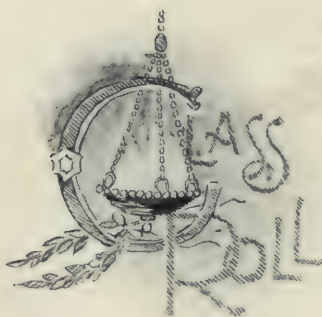
As our University development is still embryonic, and graduation in Arts for the pioneer is one year distant in the dim, uncertain future, we shall content ourselves meantime with pushing on hopefully toward the wished-for goal, trusting that if progress continues, in measure proportionate to that of recent years, the ranks will be greatly reinforced.

The first event of the fall term was the Alumnae banquet, in which we were invited to take a part—a very modest one. Then came the Arts-and-Faculty tea, at which we felt quite important, though quite fresh, with the shells of the fledgling still clinging to our soft down. The graduates-to-be of the Academy waited upon us assiduously, showing a becoming deference to their senior sisters. After a pleasant hour spent over our tea cups, we were transported to the realms of the Czar, and introduced to places and persons of great interest at the present day. Miss Elizabeth A. Henry, an Alumna, was our amiable guide. By means of excellent views, she made us acquainted with places familiar to herself by years of travel.

As a fitting celebration of the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, we were treated to a trip to India by the Rev. Father Naish, a distinguished Jesuit. During the present term, St. Joseph's College has given a most cordial reception to His Grace, Archbishop McNeil. In this we felt we had a whole-souled part, for we truly rejoiced at the presence of the new shepherd in our midst.

If we pass onward with the same encouraging spirit of optimism and enthusiasm which has hitherto pervaded all our actions, nought but success can attend our efforts in future years. The scribe is unable even to conceive the magnitude of the reforms we may make, and the worth of the deeds we shall do, which will be momentous for succeeding generations. We consider it an honour to be pioneers and path-finders in the new province now opened up to our beloved Alma Mater, and we are fully conscious of the responsibilities which make it incumbent upon us to be unto others as a beacon, whose softly illuminating radiance may allure to brighter worlds and lead the way.





## STUDENTS IN ARTS

REGISTERED AT ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

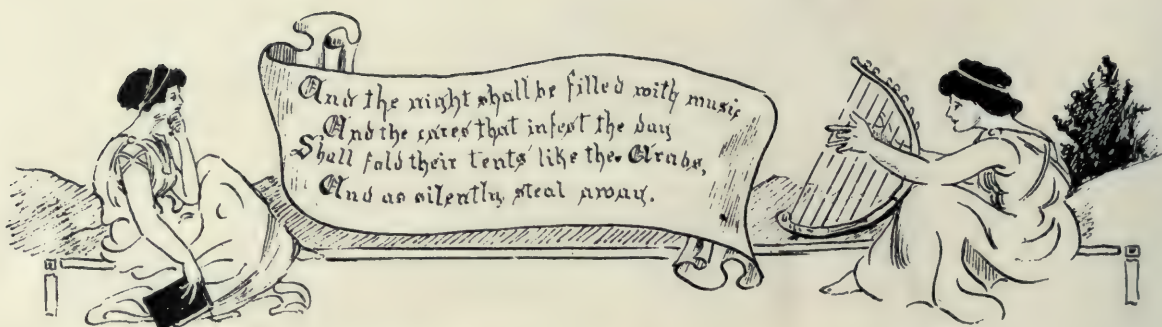
MISS A. MURPHY.....	<i>Third Year</i>		
MISS E. JOHNSTON.....	<i>Second Year</i>	MISS M. BURNS.....	<i>First Year</i>
MISS M. MCSWEENEY.....	<i>Second Year</i>	MISS E. MCGUIRE.....	<i>First Year</i>
MISS F. RONAN.....	<i>Second Year</i>	MISS W. O'CONNOR.....	<i>First Year</i>

## STUDENTS IN ARTS

TAKING COURSES AT UNIVERSITY

MISS F. TOBIN.....	<i>Fourth Year</i>		
MISS E. CORKERY.....	<i>First Year</i>	MISS I. O'MALLEY.....	<i>First Year</i>
MISS F. MCNAMARA.....	<i>First Year</i>	MISS F. QUINLAN.....	<i>First Year</i>





## Music's Realm

Then let the pealing organ blow  
To the full-voiced choir below,  
In service high and anthems clear  
As may with sweetness through my ear  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

—Milton—(*Il Penseroso*.)

**T**HE number of music pupils of St. Joseph's in both instrumental and vocal classes for the present year far exceeds that of any previous record. The advanced classes in particular are large, and these students have contributed many splendid numbers to our frequent entertainments. Among the brilliant performers on these occasions may be mentioned M. McCrohan, K. O'Connor, S. Mulcahey, E. Dowdall, V. McNulty, A. Travers, B. Walsh, I. McGuire, B. Lavery, Y. Lavery, S. O'Neil as pianists, while as vocalists Florence Tobin, M. Collins, Evelyn Murray, Irene Moran especially shone.

What could be more interesting than those weekly recitals—that is, for the audience—because for the performers, they are by no means an unmixed delight. On successive Mondays the girls are arranged on the stage. The pupils answer to their numbers, drawn haphazard by the one who presides, then each makes her most graceful curtsy, and performs her part. When the ordeal is over she bows again, smooths her ruffled curls with a hasty hand, and retires, relieved, to her quiet seat in the group where we sit rigidly still. If we cannot exhibit musical talent we can at least show self-control. The precision of our Convent training holds good in many emergencies.

St. Cecilia's choir and the choral classes have given many exhibitions of the proficiency they have attained in part-singing. At the High Masses of the "Forty Hours," and on the patronal feasts of the Community, the singing revealed a refined yet virile quality, marked by an even balance, and a painstaking care in every detail, which produced a superb effect. There is something very refreshing in the tonal texture of the clear young voices; and the truly devotional spirit in



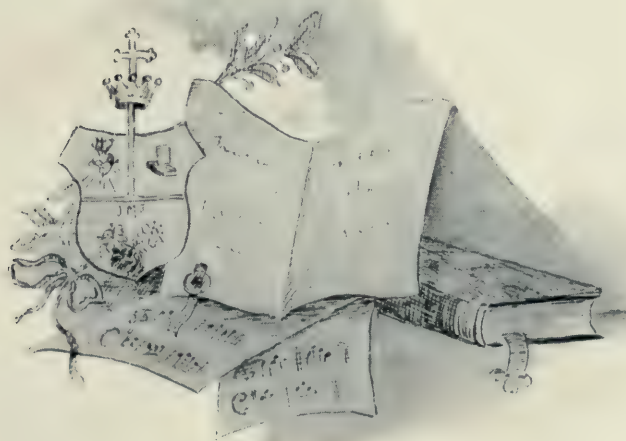
which they sing those faith-kindling hymns of Holy Mother Church, according to the different seasons, is truly edifying and inspiring.

This year many good musical treats have been enjoyed by the students of the College. On Oct. 17, a vocal recital was given in the evening by Miss Maud Collins. Piano numbers were added by the Misses Margaret McCrohan and T. Burns; and Miss M. Findley, on this occasion, showed herself mistress of the violin. The sweetness, freedom and artistic finish, which characterizes this program has indelibly impressed the event upon our memory.

On Nov. 23, the greatest Liszt interpreter, and one of the greatest living pianists, Arthur Friedheim, gave a brilliant recital in our beautiful Auditorium. Delight, admiration and the feelings that lie too deep for expression were evoked by each number of a very select program.

On February 1, owing to the courtesy and generosity of Mrs. Ambrose Small, in securing the services of such excellent artists as Mr. Paul Hohn, Mr. Teeling and Miss Grace Smith, we were afforded an afternoon's genuine delight. The piano, organ and 'cello responded in turn to a master's touch, and the effect was even entrancing.

The year on the whole has been both pleasant and successful, and will stand out in the history of the College as one which has given a decided impetus to the study of music.





## OFFICERS

<i>President</i> .....	MARJORIE POWER	<i>Prophet</i> .....	RITA MCGOEY
<i>Vice President</i> .....	EILEEN DOWDALL	<i>Critic</i> .....	WINNIFRED O'CONNOR
<i>Secretary</i> .....	EILEEN HAYES	<i>Stenographer</i> .....	CORINNE PASCOE
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	ANNA BENINGER		
<i>Historian</i> .....	MINNA HENNESSEY		

## COMMITTEES

### ESSAYS:

LENORE STOCK  
MADELEINE BURNS  
MARY MCCARTHY  
MARY MANION

### ART:

AVELINE TRAVERS  
NORA TRAVERS  
BARBARA ROSE  
MATHILDE MAGUIRE

### MUSIC:

KATHLEEN O'CONNOR  
SHEELAH MULCAHEY  
BLANCHE LAVERY  
MARIE DEVLIN

### SOCIAL:

LEONIDA LAWLESS  
LILLIAN KENNEDY  
MARGARET ACERS  
MARIE BARRY



Glancing at the list of officers, one who knows these young ladies, cannot doubt that St. Gertrude's Literary Society has played a prominent part in the student life of the College, and has been a means of both pleasure and profit to all the members throughout the year.

The zeal of the President, assisted by our untiring Executive, has done much to maintain unabated enthusiasm, while the willing and cheerful co-operation of the members in preparing essays, recitations and musical numbers, in decorating and providing programs, and in carefully and laboriously reading up matter for debates, has awakened the keenest general interest, and resulted in complete satis-





faction. An admirable spirit of industry and unity has prevailed. Our motto, "*Fide et Amore*," kept steadily in sight, has made the labour sweet, or perhaps better still, "*Ubi mel, ibi apes*."

After the election of officers, which resulted as already indicated, no time was lost in preparing an interesting program for the initial public meeting, which took place on the Feast of our sainted Patroness, Nov. 15th. The opening hymn to St. Joseph, sung by everyone in the Hall, eloquently expressed our united feelings and aspirations. Addresses by the Presidents were excellent. "Beowulf," an essay, by Winnifred O'Connor, was interesting; "The Horse Race," a recitation by May Creamer, was exciting; and a piano solo—well, Kathleen O'Connor was "there" and that is sufficient.

As a whole, the performance was a success, and reflected credit on all who took active part.

Later, our interest was centred in a debate: "Resolved, 'That Language is a more useful factor in a woman's education than Science.'" The affirmative was represented by Gertrude Bradley and Olga Wallace of the Matriculation Class, and the negative was supported by Lenore Stock and Nina Hennessey of the Normal Entrance Class. Rev. Father Meader, B.A., C.S.B., was in the chair. After summarizing the points and re-stating the arguments, he solemnly awarded victory to the negative. Excitement ran high among the members of the respective classes, for were they not as deeply concerned as the debaters themselves? But, on learning the decision, all professed themselves content.

A very instructive and scholarly treatment of Dante's "Paradiso", presented by the Rev. G. Williams; a charming descriptive talk on Egypt, by Mrs. A. Small; and an eloquent address on "The Newspaper" by Mr. J. C. Walsh, editor of the Herald, Montreal, were all intellectual treats of exceptional value and interest for which the Literary Societies are heartily grateful.

Our plan of work thus far has included a rather careful study of the literary periods in English under Saxons and Normans, the period of New Learning, and the Elizabethan Period. Interesting essays have been read on "Chaucer" by Mary McCarthy, "Caliban, or the Missing Link," by Loretto Rathwell, "King Lear," by Eileen Dowdall, "Beethoven" by Kathleen O'Connor, "Shakespeare's Influence," by Florence Meader, "Liszt," by Winnifred O'Connor. Just now, we are busy preparing a play, "The Virtuous Page," which we hope to have staged in the near future. The College department of the quarterly magazine, "Saint Joseph Lilies" is also edited by members of our Society. Contests have been held at different meetings for which programs had been fully arranged the week before, as is our custom. These contests have been: Citation, Declamation, Recognition and Location of Extracts, Literary Puzzles and the like. The prize winners are: Anastasia Hayes, Rita McGoe, Lois Gibson, Mary Manion and Madeleine Rutherford.

"*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*." We have mingled the useful with the agreeable. We have the satisfaction of feeling that we have attained a few, at least, of the objects we had in view upon setting out; and that, since we have not a single instance of failure to chronicle, we have been assisted by the intercession and inspired by the noble example of our chosen patroness, the learned and seraphic Saint Gertrude.



# Blessed Virgin's Sodality

*Spiritual Director*

REV. FATHER FRACHON, C.S.B.

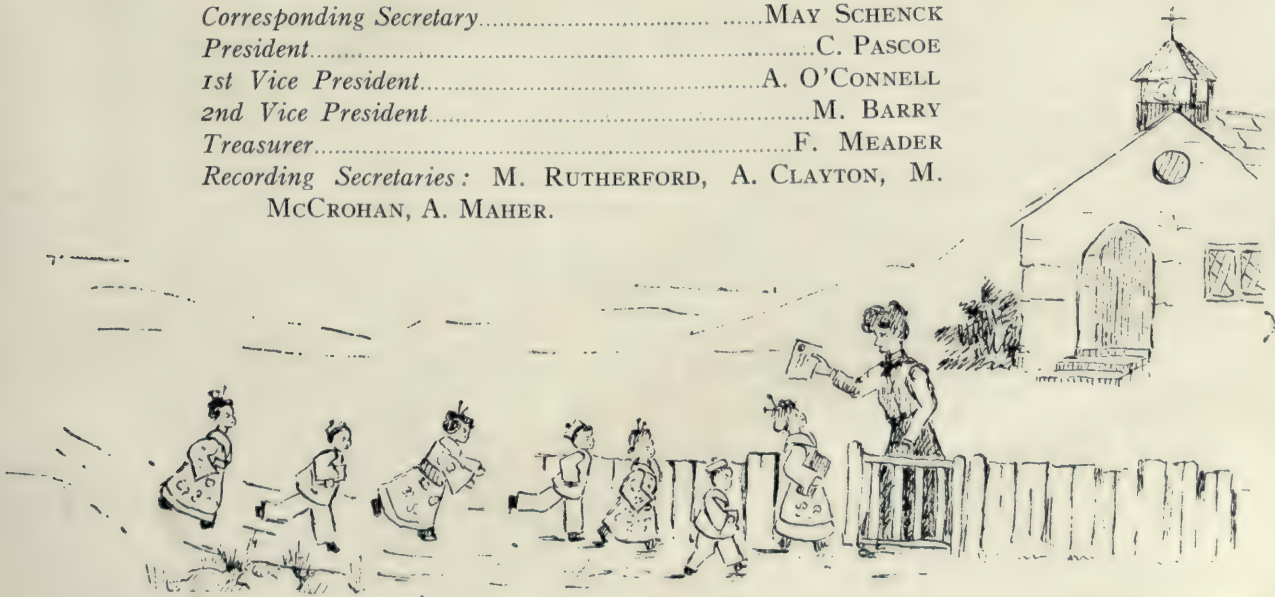
<i>President</i> .....	LENORE STOCK
<i>Assistant</i> .....	M. POWER
<i>Secretary</i> .....	A. BENINGER
<i>Choristers</i> .....	RITA MCGOEY, EILEEN DOWDALL
<i>Sacristans</i> .....	LILIAN KENNEDY, MARY TIGH

**T**HE Religious Organizations, apart from their spiritual significance, play a vital part in moulding the characters, in directing and refining the daily lives of the students, and in ennobling, elevating and purifying their minds and hearts. The influence of our Blessed Lady, as an ideal type of moral beauty and female excellence, is recognized even by those outside the pale of the Church. Ruskin says: "*I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of the noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character.*"

Our Sodality of the Blessed Virgin is a numerous assembly, including all the pupils of the Senior School. This year, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, sixty new members were received. On this occasion, Rev. Father Meader, B.A., C.S.B., officiated, and after the ceremony of reception, preached a very touching and eloquent sermon. We wish to express here our deep gratitude for his kind and helpful counsels, and pious instructions.

The Japanese Mission Band has recently been organized at the suggestion of His Grace, Archbishop McNeil. They are helping defray the expenses of a Mission School in British Columbia. The work has been entered upon with true missionary zeal. The officers are:—

<i>Corresponding Secretary</i> .....	MAY SCHENCK
<i>President</i> .....	C. PASCOE
<i>1st Vice President</i> .....	A. O'CONNELL
<i>2nd Vice President</i> .....	M. BARRY
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	F. MEADER
<i>Recording Secretaries</i> : M. RUTHERFORD, A. CLAYTON, M. MCCROHAN, A. MAHER.	



# St. Michael's





## Academic Faculty

REV. R. McBRADY, C.S.B.	.....	<i>Latin</i>
REV. D. CUSHING, C.S.B.	.....	<i>Religious Knowledge</i>
REV. T. HEYDON, C.S.B.	.....	<i>Religious Knowledge</i>
REV. A. E. HURLEY, C.S.B.	.....	<i>English</i>
REV. H. CARR, C.S.B.	.....	<i>Greek, German and History</i>
REV. J. J. PURCELL, C.S.B.	.....	<i>French</i>
REV. F. D. MEADER, C.S.B.	.....	<i>Mathematics and Science</i>
MR. F. RIORDAN, B.A.	.....	<i>Latin</i>
MR. M. S. O'BRIEN	.....	<i>English</i>
MR. B. T. KINGSLEY	.....	<i>Mathematics</i>
MR. H. GONTER	.....	<i>Greek, German and History</i>
MR. C. P. DONOVAN	.....	<i>Greek and French</i>
MR. C. P. McTAGUE	.....	<i>English and History</i>

### COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

REV. T. J. HAYES, C.S.B.	.....	<i>Religious Knowledge</i>
MR. V. C. QUARRY	.....	<i>Bookkeeping and Stenography</i>
MR. C. P. McTAGUE	.....	<i>Commercial Law</i>

### PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

MR. D. L. FORESTELL	MR. P. L. O'BRIEN
MR. J. McGUIRE	MR. J. KEHOE.

### MUSIC

MR. E. JULES BRAZIL	.....	<i>Pianoforte and Singing</i>
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### DISCIPLINE

REV. H. CARR, C.B.S.	.....	<i>Prefect</i>
MR. B. DOYLE, B.A.	.....	<i>Study Hall</i>
MR. T. J. McGWAN	.....	<i>Prefect of Recreation</i>
MR. J. R. O'NEIL	.....	<i>Assistant Prefect of Recreation</i>







THE MASTERS

## Fourth Academic



RIENDS! Romans! Countrymen! Lend me your ears! I come to extol the merits, virtues, honors, triumphs and accomplishments of that incomparable assemblage of worthies gathered in Fourth Academic Classroom. We have collected for a great cause, namely, to charge down on the formidable Medusa, Junior Matriculation, and vanquish her so utterly, defeat her so irrevocably, that never again, even till the culmination of time, will she dare to show her hideous face within the hallowed precincts of St. Michael's College. Then shall the bards of old arise from their earthy beds and sing:

*Oh! Socrates knew lots and old Plato he could talk,  
But somethin' kinder tells us as we ponder  
That if you tabulate their merits on your slate  
You'll find that old Class Seventeen's much wiser.*

And truly would they speak, for who has ever seen such a Roman as Joannes Post to whom the efforts of Caesar are a "beastly bore"? Has the like of Stanley McGowan ever trod the devious bypaths of Xenophon's unmentionable abomination? And Poor old Euclid! If he were but now in the land of the living, would not his hoary head droop with shame to hear Steve Latchford cavort through his mathematical problems and ask expectantly for more? At last, Diogenes, thou art at rest! You entered our classroom but a few months ago, and, casting one glance about the room, knew that your seemingly endless search was finally brought to a close by finding, not one, but a score, of honest, perfect men. In fact all are such, excepting the division of the class termed "the Nursery," comprised of Louis Keemle and Jack Barker, who, although they cannot lay claim to the above-mentioned appellation, hope to gain it some day under the paternal care of that famous patriarch Leo Rathwell, who is, by the way, called by unfeeling comrades "Mickey Mathusalem."

What famous men are these, riding in state upon the shoulders of their fellows? Yes, 'tis they—that terrible Rugby trio, who grew up and expanded in our midst. Ernie Broderick, Ab. Browne and Sylvester Nicholson. At last the universe has discovered your worth. Fare you well! Again my restless eye falls on familiar faces,—Godfrey Servais, Frank Doyle and Cliff O'Neil high in the zenith of fame on the rink.

I hear sweet music floating through my window and I know 'tis Leo Powers, Albert Hogan and Bill Moher indulging in a few songs while Ray Howe manipulates the piano keys with a skill marvellous to behold. But what is this I see? I'm fearfully shocked! Tom Guitard and Joe Egan are actually having a game of Tiddlywinks when they should be absorbing knowledge—shameless wretches that they are.

We are a cosmopolitan class, as one might say, seeing that Jim Healey is an Eskimo, Glen McDonald is a Scotchman, Donald Rose is a Ruthenian, Mike Brick an Irishman and McEvoy is a German. However, we have united, casting nationality to the winds and have formed the finest class in every respect that ever set foot in St. Michael's College. As Dixon, who is a poor Latin student, by the way, says with profound wisdom: "*Sic transit gloria all Canada.*" —J.B.





FOURTH ACADEMIC



THIRD ACADEMIC



## Third Academic



HE first spectacle to meet the searching eye of the visitor to Third Academic is the Herculean dimensions of the Third Year Quartette, Battle, Kraus, Foley and President Hickey. The representatives of Toronto's sister city Hamilton are a credit to the class. Sullivan is an orator worthy of note. Cleary figures greatly in athletics and Furlong, although very short, has in him the making of a promising actor.

Hamilton, alias McCarthy, hails from that prominent city of Barrie. He represents the class in all athletics, rugby, handball, hockey and baseball.

Noonan, from Mount Forest and Creamer, from Trenton, the agricultural representatives of the class are thoroughly accomplished in this art. Shanahan can translate Xenophon with the greatest of ease. In classical languages he is unexcelled.

Let us take a look at the day scholars. Boland, the class historian, can quote history from the founding of Rome to the latest accomplishments of Mutt and Jeff. There is not a better shortstop in the school than Beck. Kelly is the class musician and vocalist. Sauriol knows French so well that when English fails to express his opinion he falls back on that language. O'Loane is the unfortunate member of the class. He always loses his transfer or catches a car that breaks down. Last comes the representative of St. Basil's from Texas. He sits behind Battle and sees little of the blackboard, except when Leonard goes to music practice.

Thus with this aggregation of students the Third Academic has a fame that spreads over St. Michael's like a canopy. It has a record to be envied and it is hoped that next year the members of this class will be among the candidates to receive their Junior Matriculation.

J. T.



## Second Academic

**A**LL others fade as Second Academic, with its many members, appears upon the scene. This class far surpasses those that have occupied the old classroom in former years. We have amongst us many who have made enviable records in all lines of studies and athletics. Our scientists are Prance and Tipping. As for geometricians, Robitaille and Sanford put all others in the shade when it comes to propositions and theorems. We also have a celebrated historian in the person of Smith who hails from the southern isles of the Atlantic, while Sutcliffe, our learned Englishman, upholds the honour of the class in the study of the "art of numbers."

Not only are we renowned as scholars, but we also have representatives on every team engaged in every line of sport in the college. "King Kelly," the wonderful line plunger and "Bunny Harris," the fast wing, are from the first Rugby team, while Kearney, the "Utica Star," represents the second. The renowned Junior City Team, better known as "The Sunday-School Kids," also drew on our class for members. "Harry Colgan," the "Western Cowboy," who is now a member of the first team, originally belonged to this fast aggregation. As for the "Ruff-necks" we have more than half its players, and Tom Marion especially achieved great success as a line plunger.

Jennings, "the Pembroke Boy Wonder," whose fame has travelled far and wide, represents us in hockey, while Dean Sears, "the Texan," is a most remarkable hand-ball player.

There are many others in the class whom it is well to note, such as O'Hearn, who, I may say, is only an occasional visitor, and McConvey, who would surprise us all if he came on time. Kirk and Bauer, who before Christmas were the wonders of First Academic on account of their intellectual knowledge concerning all things, also represent Second Academic. Nor would it do to forget our little "Drafty" who, with his wise questions and funny gestures, affords us much amusement; and "Midget" Flannigan, who came back from his Christmas holidays just in time for Easter.

Thousands of miles separate the homes of the various members of this learned class, and it is hoped that in future years they will not forget one another nor the successful year spent in Second Academic.

G. R.







SECOND ACADEMIC



FIRST ACADEMIC



## First Academic



It is a merry group that assembles in the First Academic classroom in September of 1912. All the students have returned to college, with looks of exultation upon their countenances, manifesting the pleasures they enjoyed during their summer vacation and the evident desire to be back at their studies for another year.

First Academic is without doubt one of the most fundamental classes of the college, as it is here that the student receives the necessary substantial foundation for the professional or clerical career he is about to undertake.

This brilliant class, the seed from which shall spring many of the most renowned men of the near future, is well represented by many sturdy, healthy and industrious youths, the most conspicuous of whom is "Beau" Sabourin, the modern Northern Ontario Hercules, who cares nothing about being walked on in a game of rugby, as long as the boys do not act rough with him. This would indeed be a nasty way to treat him; he is so frail and tiny.

Most of the pupils of this class are from the Queen City of Toronto. In addition, however, there are many from all parts of Ontario and also the neighboring Republic of the Sunny South, who, in coming to St. Michael's College show their appreciation of the benefits derived from the finest educational institution in the country.

Study is not the only factor in a college career. Besides moral training we must also have physical exercise. This fact is emphasized by the students of First Academic, who realize and see the great necessity of so doing. Baseball, hockey, rugby, and handball, the main sports enjoyed at the college, are thoroughly indulged in by all. "Lefty" O'Neill, the fastest handball player in the class, is besides, a natural born acrobat. It is a common occurrence to see him hanging by his ears from the electric light fixtures, claiming that it is a good appetizer after strenuous labors.

Within the noble precincts of First Academic we have many noted characters who hold enviable reputations in different branches of study and arts. "Pat" Hitchcox, when not studying Oratory is either trying to give a lecture on Home Rule or to uphold its qualities against an infuriated mob of anti-Home Rulers.

Nothing loath comes Redican, the class jester, rushing in with a stale joke, about a week old, in fruitless endeavor to make us see the point, or with some stereotyped excuse for not having his home work done.

Let me not forget to mention our worthy President, "Dick" O'Brien, who, in his untiring efforts has done so much, and is responsible in a large measure for the huge success of the class.

The scholastic year of 1912-13 is drawing nearer and nearer to its close, bringing in its wake the final examinations. All are preparing by strenuous efforts to make up for any loss of time during the year.

After the examinations are o'er, all say good-bye to dear old St. Mike's and prepare for the journey homeward thoroughly satisfied, we hope, with their achievements of the year, thus ending the most successful term ever witnessed in First Academic class.

J. B.



FIRST COMMERCIAL.



## First Commercial

**I**NSPIRED by the general air of commercial activity, which pervades our fair land, her worthy sons deem it advisable to obtain for themselves a business education, which will enable them to keep abreast of this rapidly growing country." Did this sentiment move the Commercial Class of 1912-13, to leave their native heaths and enroll themselves under the business banner of St. Michael's College? We know not. But whether such is the case or not, we are all here on business bent, be it to disentangle the confused items of a "set," or explain why we study Commercial Law. Numerically we are inferior to some former years, but our standard now spells quality not quantity.

William Baxter hails from Deseronto. Bill is very excitable but he has a "get there" spirit that promises well. Jack McGrath avers that his native Newfoundland, would be ruined by confederation. Toronto's Stock Exchange shall hear quotations from Leo Clancy, Dan. Kewin and Horatio Kelley in the near future. The "inimitable" J. B. Dupont is likewise irrepressible. Paul Caron, his confrere from Quebec, revels in unravelling the knotty skein called "Present Worth." Neither the high cost of living nor the cost of high living present any obstacles to the boys from the fruitful Niagara Peninsula—Frank Sutton and Paul Lunn. Pickering has sent Nicholas Cowan to prepare for the boom which is bound to follow the completion of the C.N.R. and the extension of the Kingston Electric. David Boucher is a business-like booster of the great Northern belt. Chapleau is looking for great things from David.


Examinations which mark the completion of the year 1912-13 are already looming large in the distance. Shall they prove our success or failure? We hope success to all, and that in the years to come Dame Fortune may be as generous to our class and college as she has been in the term now closing. D.B.



## Second Commercial

*Should you ask me whence these fellows  
Of the 1913 classes,  
Whence these boys so young and hopeful  
Whence these youths so full of gladness,  
I should answer, I should tell you:  
From the City of Toronto,  
Widely noted for its learning;  
From the wooded North-land country,  
And the towns along the great lakes;  
From the seat of graft and struggle,*

*Where they make the all-night speeches;  
From the mighty, deep St. Lawrence  
Where great ships sail to the ocean;  
From the broad and fertile prairies,  
With the wheat for many nations;  
From across the Southern border  
Where the Stars and Stripes are floating;  
Come these lads to drink in knowledge  
At the fountains of St. Michael's.*

 HE preparatory classes have always been an important factor in the success of St. Michael's College, and this year it is unanimously agreed that they are the best yet. What they may lack in quantity is made up for in quality. When before, have those seats of Second and Third Commercial class-rooms, engraved and ink-bedecked as they are, been occupied by such intelligent, witty, and sport-loving boys? They apply themselves with diligence to the work set out for them, which is by no means light, covering as it does the course of study prescribed for third and fourth classes in the public and separate schools. Should it happen that homework has been left undone, such plausible excuses are promptly given as would satisfy the most exacting master, although there are no chickens to feed yet timetables are forgotten, text books get stolen and scribblers like to stay in the study hall now and then.

On the field of sport the boys of the preparatory classes are everywhere conspicuous. From them come some of the staunchest rugbyites, the fastest skaters and the most promising ball tossers. Last fall they had a foot-ball team of their own, which was a credit to themselves and an honor to the college. During recreation hours, if these boys are not enjoying some game they are found lined up at the candy pound, eagerly awaiting their turn. Tom says they are loyal patrons and his most regular customers.

We must not forget their prominence in musical circles. The two big Quebec men of Third Commercial *rendent de la musique charmante*. Out of Second Commercial comes the clear-voiced soprano of whom we may all be proud. When it comes to giving a "hoikety choike," they are all right there with the big lungs.

Here we shall leave them to complete their course through College. We wish them every success and have the happy assurance that they will mount to the top of the ladder which they have so nobly begun to climb.





SECOND COMMERCIAL



"U.S."




# STUDENT



# ORGANIZATIONS

## St Michael's Literary Society

<i>Honorary President</i> .....	MR. JUSTICE H. T. KELLY
<i>President</i> .....	REV. A. E. HURLEY, C.S.B.
<i>Prime Minister</i> .....	E. M. BRENNAN, '13
<i>Minister of War</i> .....	V. C. QUARRY, '13
<i>Minister of Publications</i> .....	C. J. BLACK, '13
<i>Minister of Finance</i> .....	L. B. GARVIN, '13
<i>Deputy Speaker</i> .....	L. M. FORRISTAL, '13
<i>Secretary of State</i> .....	T. J. MCGWAN, '13
<i>Recording Secretary</i> .....	I. A. GUERARD, '14
<i>Under Secretary of State</i> .....	A. L. CALLAGHAN, '16
<i>Attorney General</i> .....	H. POCKOCK, '15
<i>Leader of Opposition</i> .....	B. T. KINGSLEY, '13
<i>Opposition Chief Whip</i> .....	J. A. MOGAN, '13

HE Reverend President's gavel sounded, the members took their places and St. Michael's Literary Society had resumed its work for the year 1912-13. The elections were set for November 5th, a week from the date of this inaugural meeting, and Unionist and Separatist girt up their loins for the struggle.

Campaign literature was spread broadcast, the Separatist motto being:—

*"Exegamus Monumentum Aere Perennius,"*

the Unionists pinning their faith to their slogan:

*"Brennan Can't be Beat."*

Earnest solicitations of votes and elaborate explanations of platforms greeted one's ears on every side, knots of members eagerly discussing political questions adorned the corridors here and there, and then the election:—

In the annals of St. Michael's College, the election of 1912-13 will go down as the most closely contested one in which her students have engaged. Twice the votes were tied. The third ballot declared that the confidence of the students by a majority of four was placed again in the Unionist Party, under Mr. Brennan's guiding hand. The parties took their respective positions on the floor of the house, and regular meetings became the order of the day. Literary programmes comprising speeches, essays, and at intervals, debates, assured the members not only of an opportunity of increasing their ability along these lines, but also of criticising in a kindly way the productions of their fellow members.

The various departments of the government received criticisms at times scathing enough, at the hands of an ever vigilant opposition, at whose head sat the able and energetic Mr. Kingsley. In fact, at one time, a motion of lack of confidence was introduced, and the government's position was indeed precarious, for at that meeting they were supported by a minority. However, they managed to prolong the discussion until the hour of adjournment, and the next meeting saw them with a sufficient number to block the motion. It looked indeed as if they would turn it into a vote of confidence, but the party to the left of the speaker was not



unprepared for such an emergency. Their numbers were few but their knowledge of Parliamentary rules gained through diligent searching in "Cushing's Manual" served to help them out of this predicament. Mr. Mogan, who was leading the Opposition, after drawing out floods of oratory and invective from the Unionists, calm amidst great turmoil, in a slow, even voice uttered words that will "get the goat" of a government member even yet. "Mr. Speaker," said Gus, "I move the PREVIOUS QUESTION." Straightway the vote was taken. The government felt themselves bound to vote against any Separatist motion and to their surprise saw the Opposition also vote "No." Imagine their dismay when they learned that such a decision automatically postponed the matter under discussion indefinitely. They




EXECUTIVE OF ST. MICHAEL'S LITERARY SOCIETY

never again mustered courage to discuss it and the matter still remains in *statu quo*.

Besides an increased ability in oratory, every member acquired a knowledge of Parliamentary procedure a thing for which this year's work is particularly noteworthy. Nor did this information come only from books, but from actual conversation with such distinguished authorities from the Legislative Assembly, as the Honourable Speaker Mr. Hoyle and the Honourable J. O. Reaume.

The departure of this year's graduating class takes from the Literary Society not only its leading members, but men who, in a special manner, have always had the advancement of the society at heart, and it is the devout wish of every member, that next year will witness in their places equally worthy men. T. S. O'C.

## Election Night

REAT Beelzebub! What was that noise? Perhaps the Cobourg Milk Special had jumped the track and crashed into the College! I rushed into the corridor and down the stairs just in time to catch a glimpse of a rotund form dodging into a room. I called to it, "What's up?" "Why, the election, of course!" came back the reply, "and, say! you're the very man I've been looking for. It's a pity we haven't more men like you to bolster up the party. Come on down."

"Excuse me," I replied when I had recovered from my surprise at this greeting, for indeed he was the same who had often belittled my dignity as a Cabinet Minister the preceding year; the same who had vigorously opposed my party all through, "Excuse me, but I don't belong to your party."

"Why didn't you say who you were at first?" he snapped, "How was I to know you weren't one of us? I can't see in the dark."—So much for campaign "Taffy."

When this enthusiastic canvasser had dashed away, I drifted down to the College Club Room, where the election was being held.

A frowzy-headed, Herculean figure opened the door at my knock, grasped me by the shoulder and swung me around so that the light would fall on my face. "Almost late," he muttered, and shoved me, sprawling, into the room.

After glancing in hostile fashion at our "Animated Pretzel," the Sergeant-at-arms, I gazed about. Surely, if this election were any criterion of the rest of the year, we were going to have some very exciting and enthusiastic sessions.

A hush descended upon the assembled students. The President was in the chair. The members were lining up to receive their ballots. Then with voices hushed to a whisper, we watched the returning officer and scrutineers count the votes.

At last the Rev. President arose and announced that the number of votes stood the same for each party and that another ballot would have to be polled.

Again we registered our votes and waited for the verdict. The second ballot likewise resulted in a tie.

The whips of each party then rushed out of the Chamber, searching about frantically for lagging members. A few drifted in. For which side would they cast their votes? We waited in vain, to see them commit themselves.

Once again we lined up to receive our ballots, our names being carefully checked off as each was handed his slip of paper.

The votes were polled and the counting had begun.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief and tried to assume disinterested postures. The President had arisen to announce the results. After his first few words the Unionists gave vent to their long pent-up feelings with vociferous cheers. Mr. E. M. Brennan was proclaimed the new Premier. He was cheered again and again and deluged with congratulations. The Separatist chieftain, Mr. B. T. Kingsley, was also cheered roundly when he announced that he would do his utmost to make the the opposition during the year as strenuous and as spirited as had been the elections.

Thus, after the most enthusiastic and most hotly-contested election in the history of the Parliament, the Unionists were returned to power. I.A.G.



## St. Charles' Literary Society

**T**HE St. Charles Lit. is a junior organization for promoting literary and oratorical effort among the students of the Academic course. The value of such a society is evident, since the material that St. Michael's will use in the future to uphold her honor in the I.C.D.U. and other fields, is contained in the four Academic classes. Hence the members of these classes must be trained to speak well, and to appear at ease before a large audience. This is the object of the St. Charles Lit., and it is a very important work. In the past year it was left to the students themselves to organize their Lit. On the principle of "What is everybody's business is nobody's business," they took no steps until after Christmas. Then some of the boys who were the most interested brought the matter to the president, through Father Hurley. The task of guiding their youthful minds into the paths of oratorical perfection was delegated to Mr. McTague, who threw himself heartily into the work, and with the co-operation of the students themselves made the Lit. of '13 promise fair to be the most successful in the history of the St. Charles.

The first meeting had a record attendance and was the scene of the greatest enthusiasm. The main business to be transacted was the election of officers. When the Recording Secretary (Will Kirk, of Second Year) and the Vice-President (Albert Brown, of Fourth Year) were elected, a gentleman from Third Year arose and proposed that, since Fourth held "so many offices" a motion should be put to the house, barring any more Fourth Year men from being elected. This was answered by a howl of indignation from the back left hand corner, and a hot debate immediately ensued, rivalling in its heat Barney Holland's famous hornet's nest over his lost bill. The debate waxed fast and furious, and finally resolved itself into a battle between Fourth Year and the three other classes. These latter gentlemen, perceiving the advantage that lay in their numbers, had the question put to a vote and, of course, won. Fourth Latin, however, protested against the injustice, and the battle was still raging furiously when the bell rang. For the second time in its history the house refused to adjourn and insisted on continuing the debate. But this was against the College rules, and the protesting society was turned out by force, although they first procured the promise of another meeting within a week.

At the second meeting the authors of the motion saw the injustice of their actions, and, although it was unconstitutional, they agreed to withdraw their motion. The election for second vice-president then went on, and Will McRae of Second Year was chosen for the place. Force was again applied to adjourn the meeting.

From the great enthusiasm shown at these two meetings it is evident that this year the students are more interested in the society than ever. Also the way in which everyone got on his feet and spoke is a great improvement over the unwillingness to perform that has been exhibited in past years. With such an executive as has been elected the future of the Lit. for 1913 looks rosy and bright. Perhaps in a few years some will be speaking for St. Michael's in the I.C.D.U. Who knows?



EXECUTIVE ST. CHARLES' LITERARY SOCIETY





EXECUTIVE OF BLESSED VIRGIN'S SODALITY

## Blessed Virgin's Sodality



MID the successes and achievements of 1912-13 none shine out more brightly upon the golden-lettered page allotted to the year in the annals of St. Michael's College, than the record of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality. This Society, now existent in every Catholic college, embodies all the chief aims and ideals which ought to stir the hearts of Catholic students. It is a society which draws us nearer to Mary our Mother, teaching us to know her better, and to know her is to love her.

Although embracing in its membership only the senior students, yet its influence stretches into every sphere of college life. Linked inseparably with the success of the college, is the success and welfare of the society of Mary, for to whom but to the "Seat of Wisdom" could we turn with more hope of success? To have witnessed the ardour and zeal with which the meetings of the Sodality were attended during the Michaelmas term, when each Saturday the members assembled in the college chapel, to say the office and listen to the encouraging words of the spiritual director, Rev. Father Purcell, would have been sufficient evidence of the Society's welfare for this year. But all doubts would have vanished had one but entered the quiet chapel, that Sunday afternoon, the 8th of December, when we celebrated the glorious feast of the Immaculate Conception. The scene depicted there—a large number of postulants kneeling on the altar steps promising fealty to the Queen of Heaven—was beautiful and one to be remembered by us all.

Throughout the year the ardor of the members was not abated. Every Saturday morning without fail saw them approaching the Holy Table with the insignia of their service upon their shoulders, setting an example to the younger boys, who were not slow to follow. In our wishes for success in future years for our Alma Mater, we know none better than this, that the Sodality of Mary may flourish within her walls as it has in 1912-13, for then all other triumphs are assured. T. J. G.

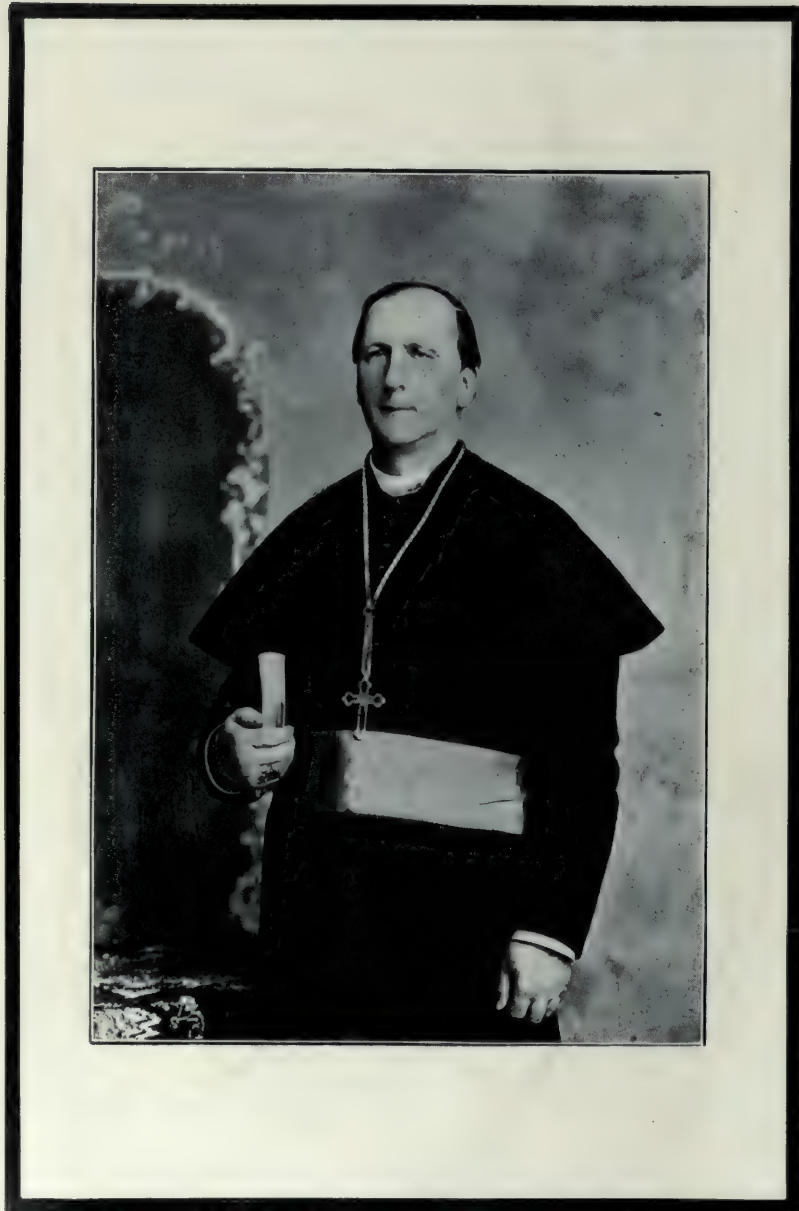




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In  
Memoriam

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## His Lordship, the Late Bishop O'Connor



ANY years will pass before the Catholics of the diocese of Peterborough forget their late beloved Bishop, their spiritual father for over twenty years, and one of Canada's greatest prelates. The universal manifestation of love and esteem at the celebration of the anniversary of the fiftieth year of his priesthood, and the general sorrow that attended his death, give us some idea of the loveliness and sterling worth of his character. He was in every respect the model priest. With great natural gifts was combined a zeal for the glory of God and His Church, which no obstacle, however great, could daunt, and which no disappointment could discourage.


In 1852, when St. Michael's College first opened on its present site, two young men destined to become famous in their country and church, were enrolled among the students—Denis O'Connor, afterward Archbishop of Toronto and Richard Alphonsus Connor, the late Bishop of Peterborough. The latter completed the course in Academics and Philosophy as then given, with great distinction. In Mathematics particularly he was very brilliant. After graduating from St. Michael's, he made his theological course at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and was ordained in 1861.

Though always shrinking from public honors it was not long before his manifest ability and indefatigable zeal won him a high place in the esteem of his fellow-workers. In 1870 he was made Dean of Barrie. His name is still a household word in the latter parish. Any of the older inhabitants can tell of that familiar graceful, cheerful figure in black, casting about him wherever he went an atmosphere of holiness and joy.

After nineteen years in Barrie he was chosen to succeed Bishop Dowling, who was being removed from Peterborough to Hamilton. His work in the Peterborough diocese has been an epoch in the church history of Canada. His diocese reached from Lake Ontario to the height of land on the north and on the west bordered on Lake Boniface. Every part of this vast territory received his careful attention. Each year with a priest and some Indian guides as companions he would penetrate the wilderness far beyond the limits of civilization to bring spiritual comfort to his rough but grateful children in mines and lumber camps. Every year of his regime marked a great increase in the fold of Christ, with a corresponding spread of Catholic education.

After twenty years of this work his almost perfect constitution began to show signs of weakness. Probably his long, hard journeys over his unsettled diocese had worked some insidious injury. On Thursday, January 23rd, of this year he went to receive his glorious reward.

## Rev. J. A. Sullivan

N February 4th the students of St. Michael's lost a dear friend, and the Community of St. Basil a zealous co-worker, in the sudden death of Father Sullivan. His death was totally unexpected by all except by those with him in the last few hours. On Sunday, February 2nd, he received a severe chill while driving out to the prisons to say Mass. It quickly developed into pneumonia of so serious a nature that his immediate removal was ordered to St. Michael's Hospital. Soon a fatal complication set in, and about noon on Tuesday he died, after receiving the last rites of the Church with the Faith and piety that characterized his whole priestly career.

Father Sullivan was born at Fall River, Mass., in 1874. He came to St. Michael's College in 1888 and after a highly successful college course, entered St. Basil's Novitiate in 1892, and was ordained by Archbishop O'Connor in 1898. His work as a priest has been mostly confined to his Alma Mater, though Sandwich, Waco and Owen Sound have each received the benefit of his labors. Four years ago he returned to St. Michael's from Owen Sound as teacher and Prefect of Discipline.

Besides his priestly virtues Father Sullivan possessed many personal qualities that endeared him to all who knew him. His fund of sympathy and kindness was inexhaustible. To all in contact with him he was a kind and genial friend, and to many a special benefactor. Such qualities combined with a keen sense of duty made him an admirable prefect of discipline. His devotion to the sick and dying is well known. No fatigue was too great if he could but insure a happy end to a departing soul. As a reward he obtained for himself that blessing of a happy death which he had been instrumental in bringing to so many others.











## The Introduction of Rugby into Ontario



AN unfortunate recital of an incident over fifty years ago has brought me nothing but vexation of spirit until I should commit it to writing for you boys, to the tender mercies of that arch-tormentor, the Year Book Editor. We were examining the perfect symmetry, even seams, pebble leather, etc., of a beautiful, new, egg-shaped J. V. Spalding Rugby Football, before it was kicked into play in the second game with Victoria College. Bright sunshine, green grass, chalk-marked field, bright-sweatered officials, effective uniforms of the teams, and their soldier-like line-up, all brought me back to other days—days in the young boyhood of Ontario, the infancy of St. Michael's and the birth of football in Canada. Yes, now that a start has been made, something tells me that that detested Editor was right, after all. It would be too bad were my generation to pass away without leaving to St. Michael's children the knowledge that there on the field where they have so often washed the sand out of their mouths, was seen and kicked the first football ever used in Ontario.

To Andrew P. Finan belongs the distinction of introducing into Canada this noble game. A fine, ruddy-cheeked Irish lad, with laughing blue eyes, he came across to try a freer happier life in a new land. He landed in Toronto in February, 1859, and entered the Philosophy class in St. Michael's College in 1860, a classmate of Father Ferguson, C.S.B., of Sandwich. The new arrival soon became the life of the school. To remain inactive even for a short recreation was irksome to him. There were no games except a little cricket and curling or "stones." His mind naturally turned to the village green of his native place and the village boys at football; but whence the football? Undaunted by the fact that there was not one to be had for love or hate in the whole country and to import one would require at least a year, "Andy" went round with a grave mien for several days and made several mysterious visits through the fields (i. e., down Yonge Street) to "town." One beautiful sunny afternoon in May, out he came near the old elm (it wasn't old, then, boys) and with much ceremony unfolded before the admiring gaze of us all an inflated bull's bladder covered with leather, a perfectly ideal foot-ball. He had had it made by William Guinane, the shoe-dealer, father of the late Father Guinane, and the Guinanes at present in the city. My! the care bestowed on that treasure! True, it cost much trouble and many disappointments. It was very difficult to keep it inflated but it afforded probably more pleasure than any football used in Ontario since. Mr. Guinane continued to supply footballs for a couple of years. After that, Lash & Co., who at that time occupied the site on which the new C.P.R. building is being erected, imported a real manufactured article from England.

"Andy" persevered in his vocation, and old residents of Pickering and vicinity will still recall for you stories of the kind-hearted priestly zeal of Father Finan. You can remember him too as the "father of football in Canada." And don't forget that St. Michael's students were the first boys to play. I might be able to interest you in handball and baseball too, but I feel that the garrulous old man is tiring you and that the Editor is beginning to regret his importunities.—GERON.

# Rugby.



E. Boyden





## First Rugby Team

The following are the games played by St. Michael's in the O.R.F.U. series:

September 28

S.M.C.....	8	PARKDALE.....	2
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Broderick's excellent punting was the big factor in winning this game.

October 5

S.M.C.....	20	CENTRAL Y.M.C.A.....	12
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Broderick was again in the limelight in this struggle. Central led at three-quarter time, but went to pieces at the last as Ernie kicked again and again for points. Jack Spratt, up to the time of his accident, displayed clever head work and was a puzzle to the "Y" outsiders.

October 12

S.M.C.....	17	BEACH CANOE CLUB.....	3
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This was a good, clean exhibition, our fellows having the lid down tight all the way.

October 19

S.M.C.....	33	BEACH CANOE CLUB.....	3
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The fumbling of the Canoe Club's backs helped materially in piling up such a large score, and at the same time St. Michael's were always on the spot when there was a loose ball to recover. Jack O'Flaherty got away frequently for long runs and succeeded in getting two touches.

October 26

S.M.C.....	18	P.C.C.....	5
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Our trick plays worked without a hitch, and if it were not for the slow grounds the score would have been much higher.

November 2

CENTRAL Y.M.C.A.....	9	S.M.C.....	3
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This was the most exciting contest of the season up to this time. Our boys were much the lighter, but played them point for point till the last quarter when Duke, kicking for "Y", piled up their lead of six. This game tied up the district with these two teams.

November 9

CENTRAL Y.M.C.A.....	12	S.M.C.....	11
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We had the game and the district won till the last four minutes when Duke's long kick bounded badly and a "Y" man got it close to our line. A succession of kicks in which only feet and inches were gained at a time put them over for a try, giving them a lead in the district of one point. Captain Johnny Ryan's work was brilliant throughout. Canfield, Nicholson, Brown and Doyle also put up wonderful



JUNIOR O.R.F.U. AND MULOCK CUP TEAM  
*Manager: Mr. M. S. O'Brien*  
*Captain: J. Ryan*



games; Joe was lightning fast at quarter and ran the ball faultlessly. That the better team lost was the opinion of all, but yet the defeat, which kept us from the chance of battling for the championship, was taken by the team in their usual sportsmanlike spirit.

#### MULOCK CUP GAMES

October 22			
S.M.C.....	17	Victoria.....	7
October 24			
S.M.C.....	28	DENTAL COLLEGE.....	0
October 31			
VICTORIA.....	7	S.M.C.....	6
November 18			
S.M.C.....	19	DENTS.....	18

By these victories we were champions of our district and were ordered to play with S.P.S. in the semi-finals. The game resulted in a tie and in the play-off S.P.S. drew away with a margin of 5 points.

November 21			
S.M.C.....	7	S.P.S.....	7
November 25			
S.P.S.....	13	S.M.C.....	8

Just how good a team we had may be seen from the fact that for fifty-five minutes of play we had the "Y" team beaten by a comfortable margin, and this latter aggregation in their turn had the Junior Dominion Champions outplayed for the same length of time in the final game, when a disastrous fluke allowed the Alerts to nose out ahead.

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Father Carr coached them through a grist of clever trick plays, and in the machinery that pulled them off Joe Canfield was the oiliest cog.

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A popular betting topic throughout the school was: "Can Nicholson buck the Dents' line as far as Broderick can kick?" The same applies to Kelly.

The work of these two, as well as that of Brown and Nealon, proved a tower of strength for our boys. The rest of the line were not far behind.

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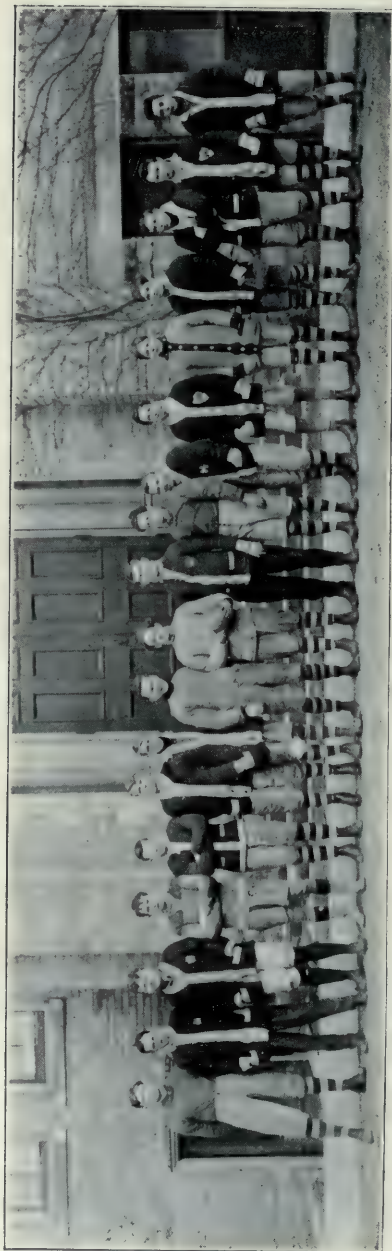
With the chalk-line ten yards away O'Flaherty could always be relied upon to hit it on a half-back buck.

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The Dents were much the heavier team, but the speed and combination plays of the St. Michael's lads were too much for them and they shut out the "tooth-pullers" without a score, while they succeeded in piling up 28.—*Toronto Telegram*.

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"The St. Michael's team who recently won their Mulock Cup group have the distinction of playing four games in eight days, two of which were in two days." —*Toronto Star*.



SECOND TEAM

Manager: F. Hickey      Captain: W. Hamilton



## Second Team



AFTER all has been said, when the First Team has received its due meed of praise, let me tell you of another team whose glory is apt to be eclipsed by that of the seniors, and its honors dimmed by the more brilliant light shed by that stellar organization. It is a team that forged ahead under the most adverse circumstances, and in spite of repeated sacrifices of its best players to the seniors, finally emerged a compact, well-balanced machine that could travel down the field in spite of all resistance, and deposit the leather in triumph behind the other goal. Theirs was the spirit of true sportsmanship. They had been disappointed in making the senior team, and would naturally feel little inclined to finish the season. But, persevering, they continued to play merely for the love of the game, and were to be seen every evening, practising on the campus. This spirit is a healthy thing for a college to cultivate, and the second team should be given an important place in athletics if only for the good influence it exercises. But the real importance of the second team is more significant than this. It is that they are the nucleus of next year's Senior Team. One of the best coaches in Canada has said that it is almost impossible to form a good fourteen in one year. They must be played together as a second team during the preceding season and then, when fall comes again, the work of building up the first team is half finished. The seconds will require, of course, very careful coaching. We might say here that this was well attended to in the past year by Frank Hickey. Anyone who has seen him zealously pushing his men into suits and out on to the field will readily vouch for this. We might remark, however, that the team itself responded nobly to Frank's efforts, coming out for gruelling practice every afternoon, rain or shine. Many a hard game did they give the seniors, even defeating them on one or two occasions. These nightly rivalries were the scenes of much enthusiasm, and the sidelines were always filled with a group of interested spectators. Coach Hickey was a well-known sight, standing there vociferously urging on his warriors, shouting advice, and shooing off too-interested Juniors.

The Seconds had several interesting games with organizations from the city. The finest of these games was the one with Technical High School, which was a well-contested overtime struggle, resulting in a victory for the Second Team. Johnny Sullivan is especially worthy of note. He played the game of his young life, dashing fearlessly and recklessly at the more burly "Tecs" and contributing in a large measure to the victory. Callaghan did some very brave tackling also. "Chief" Sullivan was distinguished by his marvellous kicking and Garvin did some very handsome running. Bill Hamilton, as quarter-back, showed rare headwork, while Kraus and Brick did themselves credit on the line.—L.K



### THIRD TEAM

*Manager: Mr. H. Gonter      Captain: F. Doyle*



### FOURTH TEAM

*Manager: Mr. F. Riordan      Captain: J. Valentine*



## Third Rugby Team

**T**HOUGH our Alma Mater strives unceasingly to place in the field the best team she can form to do battle for her honor in the O.R.F.U., yet she realizes that she must build up, out of the material on hand, the teams of future days. With this idea in mind she has organized teams for those who through deficiencies in age, weight, or footballistics are unable to find positions with the Seniors. Of these other teams the most important perhaps is the Junior City aggregation, for it is not only a feeding team for the Seniors but it also belongs to a real, sure-'nuff league, the Junior City League. This season our little band of fighters went up against a pretty stiff proposition. The other teams of the league were of a very peculiar species, termed by us scientists the *genus gravissimum*. Their members had a very disconcerting habit of gently (?) pushing the ball through any thing or anybody who happened to be in the way. However, this habit was broken off when St. Michael's College met them on the field of battle. The Captain of the team was Frank Doyle, elected because of his pluck and presence of mind which he evinced in former games. The backbone of the team, however, was Howard McAllister, and his companion-at-arms, Harry Colgan. This redoubtable pair were ready to tackle anything, even the cook's "mystery" hash. But in conferring praises let us not forget Michael Duggan, the sleeping beauty. As a conclusion, let us compliment the Junior City Team on their "sand" and fervently hope that some good Samaritan will stick a pin in Mike and wake him up.—J.B.

## Fourth Rugby Team

**S**T. MICHAEL'S Fourth Rugby Team was known as the "Roughnecks" and although late in getting into the game, proved to be one of the most successful teams in the college. The most noteworthy of its games were played with Jarvis Street Collegiate and Technical School and in both these games the "Roughneck" players showed great ability in tackling and plunging.

Mr. Riordan took keen interest in the team, and proved himself in every way to be a very able manager. Throughout the year Art. Jennings and Tom Marion, who played the middle wings showed up well. Malloy at centre scrumage was "right there" for the centre bucks. Dave Boucher, held down his position like a veteran. Joe Valentine played centre half and it must be said that he has a fine drop kick and was of great assistance to the team. Gus Robitaille, was always "on deck" when there was any tackling to be done. Henry Beck as quarter back was a tower of strength, while Vinc. O'Neill alias "Lefty Louis" played good ball. The rest of the squad are also worthy of mention, but space will hardly allow it. Suffice to say that no one will be surprised to see in the First Team line up in the near future many of the redoubtable "Roughnecks."

J. McC.

## The Jews vs. The Irish Flat

**T**HIS was pulled off on December 3rd. Promptly at 3:45 the fourteen husky Judaeans trooped on to the field amid the hilarious cheers from the entire school and the "yellow fever" notes from the remnants of the S.M.C. Brass Band. A specially loud and discordant bray of the rusty trombone greeted the arrival of "Wee" Manager Frank Hickey, plated and padded to the roots of his hair—a garb which, together with his respectable 195 lbs. of "tiger", presented a truly formidable aspect.

Immediately afterwards, the Hibernian squad, led by Captain Ryan, gambolled into view, little daunted by the ferocious appearance of the Hickeyites. The band struck up "The Yiddisher Rag," and for encore rendered "That Irish Flat," and the game was on.

But why go into details of the international mix-up which followed. Suffice it to say, that the long-beaked aggregation who tackled with palms upward, were downed to the tune of 9—0. We might in justice remark though that the Irishmen fattened their score, and in fact won the game, through their opponents' mistakes. But that's rugby. Kelly would persist in bucking for 30 yards and Foley as frequently would insist on getting his person mixed up in a first-class offside. And thus were the beans spilled.

The spirit was good though. The number of minor injuries was just right. Blood flowed copiously; hot words passed; and the prize barrel of apples was relished with as much gusto as any barrel is that fails to put in an appearance.

The line-ups:

IRISH FLAT:—Ryan, Gonter, Corkery, Donovan, Canfield, McBrady, O'Leary, Fahey, Hammond, Drohan, Sheehan, Nealon, Hatrick, Guerard.

JEW FLAT:—Hickey, O'Flaherty, Hanrahan, Kelly, Callaghan, Hogan, O'Neill, Sullivan, Harris, Guiry, Hamilton, Brown, Bunyan, Foley.

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### NOTES ON THE GAME

Garvin was in the sick-room at the time. Better be there then than thereafter. Hickey vs. Hatrick preliminary was the feature.

Corkery and O'Neill also mixed it. The former's work was a revelation. He made the only touch-down after chasing his own kick. His punting and running were of stellar brand.

Dutch's accident was a painful one. A hard tackle hit him while he was turning and did the trick. His work up to that time was brilliant.

Hickey, Kelly and Brown were the mainstays in the Jews' line.

Canfield used his head to perfection. He was working against a heavy line and acted accordingly.

Johnny Sullivan's diving tackle of "Dutch" was decidedly of O.R.F.U. calibre. It was anybody's game. The "Isaacs" had a shade on the "Murphies," though. No Flowers. Funeral private. Circular papers please copy. —Ike.





JEWS *vs.* IRISH



HANDBALL TEAM



## Handball



THE game of Handball is played in a wooden structure consisting of two apartments, called "alleys" which might have served the Brobdignags for stalls in which to shelter their giant steeds. The apparatus used is a rubber ball, not too hard, but of great elasticity, and nature's most useful instruments, human hands. A like simplicity characterizes the game itself. The ball must be struck by some player of the opposing sides alternately so as to strike the wall; when one side fails to do so, it counts a "hand out" if that side is "in," or a point for the other side if this other side is "in." The team scoring twenty-one points first wins the game. Such is the well-known, but little talked-of game of Hand-ball. Its heroes are not often lauded in newspapers, and even their local fame is peculiarly evanescent; yet we will venture to say that, if the importance of a game is to be reckoned from the amount of participation it wins, Hand-ball should be given first place. Except when the fiercest blizzards are raging, Hand-ball is played in every recreation from September to June. It is confined to no class. The staid philosopher, the vivacious academician, the fearless commercialist, all have to submit to its spell. Many a time has a new arrival come to those alleys to scoff and remained to play.

The question will now be asked—where lies this irresistible fascination? In the first place, Handball is the most exciting game in existence. In other games the unexpected may happen at any time; in Handball the unexpected is always happening. Secondly, there is no game that gives such exercise to every muscle of the body. The player must be ready at all times to run, to twist in any direction, to strike with either hand. Thirdly, though it is a game that anyone can play, it offers unlimited scope for the development of skill. To verify this, watch any game on the senior alley. See that player follow a long ball; note how, with perfect judgment he turns at the exact spot and time at which he will gain the most advantage from the movement of his body when striking it; note that slight, almost imperceptible movement of his arm by which the ball is sent back again, like a bullet from a gun. Now the ball is in close quarters; it shoots here and there with a speed that dazzles the eye. till at last it is settled once and forever with a "dead butt." However, to really understand the fascination of Handball, one must play it himself.

As a testimony of St. Michael's proficiency in this department we may note that for the past ten years, except two, St. Michael's has held the Handball Cup, emblematic of the City Handball Championship. The struggle between St. Michael's and Victoria College this year, in which the latter was finally triumphant, was very keen. Over-confidence had probably much to do with St. Michael's defeat, but we are determined to regain the Cup next year. —F. R



1912 BASEBALL TEAM



## Baseball

**U**NFORTUNATELY our ball season is a short one. One reason for this lies in the fact that, as the Arts' work ceases early in May, many of the students leave for their homes, and in this way we lose much good material. This handicap is overcome to a great extent however, by the fact that we can begin early every year. Our grounds are high and somewhat sandy, and for this reason it takes very few warm days to put them in good shape for practice. While other clubs throughout the city are hanging up their skates for the season, our boys are fairly well under way and practising hard with bat and ball. A month though, hardly gives time to accomplish much, and for this reason the managers of S.M.C. ball teams always have their work cut out for them to get great results in such a short time.

That the season of '12 was a thoroughly successful one is due in a great measure to the efforts of "Barney" Holland. Barney's enthusiasm is proverbial; his views on discipline were found to be the same and as a result anybody that could dodge a practice and "get away with it" with Holland on the job, had to work for it.

We had lost both our pitchers, but Quinn, the Syracuse boy, filled the bill with plenty of speed, curve and control, and won four of the five games he twirled. Spratt and Ryan, the infield twins, were better than ever and anything that got away from this pair was ticketed as impossible. Reaume also had a good season. "Rummy" can steal a base whenever he takes the notion, and he took the notion frequently. The others also worked well, and, taken all in all, we had as good a line-up as has represented the College for some years.

Our first and only trimming came from the Eaton team. It was a good exhibition, although the visitors had by far the big end of the hitting.

We took Technical School into camp three times and, to avoid any misunderstanding with this aggregation, we put a shut-out over on them in the last fixture.

The Parliament nine also clashed with us, but had to be satisfied with the short end of a 10—2 score. The Civil Service squad next stormed our citadel. Scott, who did the heaving for them and who had kept Eaton's hitless the year before, was no puzzle for our swatsmen and we touched him up hard and often, piling up a 9—0 score.

The line-up:

### The Line-Up;


C.....	Joe Canfield
P.....	Ray Quinn
1st. B.....	M. O'Brien
2nd. B.....	Jack Spratt
S. S.....	J. Ryan
3rd. B.....	V. Quarry
L. F.....	S. Reaume
C. F.....	W. O'Brien
R. F.....	J. McDonald
Spares: Hanrahan, Nealon.	



JUNIOR O. H. A. TEAM



## O. H. A. Team

HE completion of the Arena gave an added stimulus to the national game in St. Michael's this year. The hockey season of 1911-12 had been hampered by lack of proper rinks, but with the Arena at their disposal a new interest was aroused on the part of all. The "College Group" as it is called, composed of Upper Canada, St. Andrew's and St. Michael's, again battled for supremacy. Competition is so keen among these institutions that the games, even those having no direct bearing on the group championships, are fought with the same spirit that would be displayed were a world's championship hanging in the balance.

When St. Michael's meets Upper Canada, the struggle is always an exceptionally good one, the majority of their games going overtime. Last year we succeeded in annexing both games, but this time the shoe was on the other foot. The first score was 10 to 6, with U. C. C. at the big end. Our second attempt was hardly more successful, and although our players had greatly improved, yet they could not find the nets, and when the bell rang the tally stood, U. C. C.: 5—St. Michael's: 2. It was "tit" for "tat." St. Michael's were beaten by a better all-round team, but individually they were the equals, if not in some instances, the superiors of their opponents.

Who, indeed, can foretell the future or who can presume to "dope out" the results of a game of hockey?

St. Andrew's had beaten Upper Canada; Upper Canada had in turn twice beaten St. Michael's. It was then, with well-founded confidence, that St. Andrew's came on the ice to play our team. But they had reckoned without that "never-say-die" spirit which so characterizes the wearers of the double blue. Much to the surprise of the Scotchmen, they were out-generaled, out-skated and out-played. The result was never in doubt and the "Clover Hill" seven returned with a 4—1 victory to their credit.

There yet remained the return game with St. Andrew's. A win for us meant a three-cornered tie in the group, a loss meant that St. Andrew's were again group winners. It was we who were confident this time, and it was we who were surprised. The Scotchmen came right back, and after a game replete with exciting incidents—the best junior game Toronto has seen for some time—they were returned victors by 6 to 5, with St. Michael's going strong at the end, but having a hard time in finding the nets.

It is not our intention to single out individual players. Suffice it to say, that with the little practice our team had, they played remarkably well and had it not been for the fact that the weather man refused to let us have our own rink this year, we might have gone much further in the O.H.A.

The following is the line-up: Goal, C. Sullivan; Point, E. Broderick; C. Point, G. Servais; Rover, C. O'Neill; Centre, F. Doyle; R. Wing, M. Nealon; L. Wing, E. Bunyan; Spares, J. O'Connell, W. Hamilton, B. Doyle. Manager, L. B. Garvin; Secretary, C. J. D. Black.



WINNERS OF THE HOUSE LEAGUE

## Intra-Mural

**A**T the expiration of the Junior O. H. A. season, which was very short, owing to only three teams being placed in the district, the Intra-Mural League came into prominence for the second year. The schedule was drawn up at an early date by a competent committee, and in their hands was placed the allotment of players to already appointed captains. Care being taken that all teams were as evenly balanced as possible.

The Arena has seen many fierce and deadly combats in the past season, and in its history may be carefully penned the encounters of the Intra-Mural.

The Canadians are champions of the League for 1913, sustaining only one defeat during the entire season. Capt. Jack Spratt of Senior Hockey fame led his warriors with ultimate success. From Ottawa came Valentine, the unbeatable; while "Drafty" Latchford and Galvin composed a sturdy defence. Bunyan aimed many a successful shot from left wing, while Troy and Labelle were always hard workers.

No less credit is due the other teams, who, though not successful, fought for every victory, with an undying determination, and often the laurel wreath was snatched from their hands by the dauntless choice of fortune.





**S**O far has the prowess of a St. Michael's athlete gone abroad that, annually, it is necessary that the college show some appreciation of the services rendered her, by bestowing the insignia "M" upon all who have achieved glory and renown in the manly combat of athletics.

With keen and manifest interest does the student body, then, await the announcement of the awarding of "M's" at the close of each year. Fond hopes lie ever dormant in the breast of the youngest aspirant. The honor is no slight one, and for the past three years interest has been at concert pitch, instituting in the life of a student a friendly rivalry, which will bear good fruit, if nourished by the proper ingredients—honest and upright sportsmanship. As the years pass by the interest becomes more intense. Prompted by the efforts of those that have been successful, the athlete can look back, with no mean pride, to the days on which he earned the "M."

#### THE WEARERS OF THE "M."

**FOOTBALL:**—W. L. Murray, W. Gonter, M. Gonter, H. S. Bellisle, J. Sheridan, P. Costello, J. Canfield, J. O'Connor, T. M. Mulligan, L. Gorman, S. Reaume, C. E. Coughlin, P. Quinn, B. J. Holland, E. J. McCorkell, C. McNeil, H. Andrews, J. McReavy, H. Wilkin, G. Lareau, N. McCormick, F. Roach, J. Ryan, Thos. Kelly, A. Brown, S. Nicholson, A. Lellis, J. O'Flaherty, A. Malone, B. Doyle, E. Broderick, P. Maloney, M. Nealon, C. McTague, T. Donovan, A. Hogan, W. Harris.

**HOCKEY:**—P. Spratt, J. Spratt, G. J. Kirby, H. Bellisle, L. Gorman, G. J. Culliton, G. Servais, C. Sullivan.

**HANDBALL:**—D. J. O'Connor, M. Gonter, H. Gonter, H. Bellisle, C. E. Coughlin, V. C. Quarry, G. J. Kirby.

**TRACK:**—M. O'Brien.





## Music



WE have had a year of fairly good progress in our Department of Music. Those who studied the piano have done exceptionally well and always had interest in their practice. Sport and Music are a bad mixture and the boys found it very hard to leave the recreation grounds to attend to their lessons or practice, yet everyone has been very willing in this respect.



COLLEGE QUARTETTE

Our Sanctuary Choir have excelled themselves this year. Quite a nice feature has been the processional singing going and coming from the Sanctuary. In the Sanctuary they did well in all their work, and the confidence with which they did their singing proved that they had been constant with their practice. They are all good fellows and always willing for work.

But there are four who are ever willing to practice and they are our Quartette, George Daly, Wm. Moher, Karl Kraus and Frank Hickey. It matters not when



E. JULES BRAZIL  
*Musical Director*



they are called for rehearsal, they are always there and this constancy is, in a large measure, responsible for their splendid four-part singing. They love their work—that is why they are successful as a Quartette. They are regularly heard to advantage in St. Basil's Church, where the large congregations enjoy their rendition of the Litanies and Benediction services.

This book will be in press before our entertainment to the Graduating Class and Arts Course takes place. On or about the 20th of May, we intend putting on a high-class Minstrel Show. It will be a night of song, harmony, humor and brief novelties. The various performers will be accompanied by a full orchestra under the direction of Mr. Brazil. Under his management the night cannot help but be a success.



MUSIC CLASS



SANCTUARY CHOIR





SOME SNAPS



1.—L. B. GARVIN, Editor Wit and Humor. 2.—J. A. MOGAN, Assistant Business Manager. 3.—M. S. O'BRIEN, Editor Athletics.  
 4.—V. C. QUARRY, Associate Editor. 5.—B. T. KINGSLY, Editor-in-Chief. 6.—E. M. BRENNAN, Business Manager. 7.—  
 T. J. McGWAN, Assistant Business Manager. 8.—C. J. D. BLACK, Associate Editor. 9.—L. FORRISTAL, Editor Oratory and  
 Debating. 10.—G. J. CULLITON, Athletic Editor. 11.—D. L. FORESTELL, Society Editor.



## Wit and Humor

*I have written the tale of our life  
For a sheltered people's mirth,  
In gesting guise—but ye are wise,  
And ye know what the jest is worth.*



*You ask me for something Original;  
I know not how to begin;  
For there's nothing original in me  
Except original sin.*

---

### Football Shakespeariana

- "Down! Down!"—(*Henry V.*) enacted by A. Browne.  
"Well placed!"—(*Henry V.*), Broderick in leading role.  
"An excellent pass"—(*The Tempest*), played by B. Doyle.  
"A touch! A touch! I do confess!"—(*Hamlet*), Canfield.  
"I do commend you to their backs"—(*Macbeth*), Kelly.  
"More rushes! More rushes!"—(*Henry IV.*), Pere Carr.  
"Pell mell, down with them!"—(*Love's Labor Lost*), Mickey.  
"This shouldering of each other"—(*Henry VI.*), J. Ryan.  
"Let him not pass, but kill him rather!"—(*Othello*), Hogan.  
"I'll catch it ere it come to ground"—(*Macbeth*), Gonter.  
"We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns"—(*Henry IV.*), Nicholson.  
"Worthy sir, thou bleedest, thy exercise has been too violent"—(*Coriolanus*)  
The Nurse.  
"It's the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport"—(*As You Like It.*), Spratt in title role of "Broken Ankles."

---

### Philosophers

A Philosopher is a man, and rarely a woman, who, having nothing to do and being glad of it, puts in his time explaining the reason that other people should have for doing things.

Philosophers are not popular, because, in the first place, most men are too busy to listen to them, and, in the second place, they are satisfied with their own reasons for doing things.

Nevertheless, philosophers are wont to gravitate toward comfortable stoves in corner groceries, where men of varying leisure straggle in, and toward comfortable chairs in universities where helpless youths are compelled to listen as a part of an awful punishment called a curriculum.

Whenever a philosopher becomes famous, it always turns out that he is not a philosopher at all, but a scientist. Simon-pure philosophers never give information, because nothing less than explaining the unknowable will satisfy them. One philosopher will never agree with another philosopher if he can possibly help it. *E.O.J.*



*Stringent measures were necessary to induce II. Year Arts to get their pictures "took."*

### Seen in II. Commercial

It is amusing to see how our wily Toronto delegate Burns Rice, while "La Belle Sauve" is keeping Case(y)s on the Lawless McComber, who is thoughtlessly tripping thro' the Gates over the Lea to help Lynch Kelly. What side-splitting sights could be seen, could one peep through the Keyhole and see Dick Han'nin' it out to the Bald-One! Over yonder we see McAllister eating an apple. As we gaze, he fails to get his teeth Enright, and bites through the Core-again. McBride is gazing at an open "Page" of "De Book" on which is depicted a flock of (C)leghorn chickens, peacefully watching someone Anglin(g), I Dunno-who.

### Hints on Books to Read

"Political Etiquette," by E. M. Brennan. Mr. Brennan's little book will be a *vade mecum* to the embryo parliamentarian. The amenities of debate, which too many would-be orators totally neglect, are dealt with very fully. "The Previous Question" is treated at great length. Mr. Brennan's long and varied political career makes him an authority on this subject and his readers, by following his advice will, doubtless, avoid the petty personalities which too often disturb the august somnambulism of St. Michael's Lit.

"The Modern Machiavelli," by C. F. O'Leary, with an introduction by L. B. Garvin.

"Reflections of a Fusser," by Joe Collins. The thoughtful, philosophical exposition of one who evidently is thoroughly posted on his subject matter.



"How to Cut Classes," by Wilfrid O'Hearn. Sparkling, epigrammatic, diffuse. Invaluable to Freshmen.

"The Great Catastrophe," by Al. Callaghan. A short, nervous, spirited account of how the writer moved from the Flat to the Study Hall.

"Love Lyrics from the Poets," by Bob. McBrady. A collection of beautiful, idyllic verse by a lover of the romantic and the ideal.

"The Evils of Tobacco," by Harry Colgan and "Parson" McRale. Edited by Dupont. Published by Vincent O'Neill. A powerful problem novel, showing the futility of smoking.

"Fooling the Examiner," by Louis Keemle. A marvellous mystery story, showing how the hero progressed in educational institutions.

"Girls Who Have Met Me," by Joe O'Neil. A series of short sketches of exciting episodes.

"The Man Who Came Back," by Karl Kraus. Being the thrilling story of Earl Foley.

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### Whose Are These ?

"Smoking again! Give me that pipe!" "Nothing above the ordinary, though." "Study's on now." "Have you that article ready for 'The Echo'?" "Any difficulties?" "Pass the pie, please?" "Toronto!" "And all that sort of thing, you know." "You might read to-day at dinner." "Any man that misses ten lectures——" "Nine Thirty! All down!" "Go up to the board once." "What you skiving around here for?" "Well, look here." "Down to the Study Hall." "Got permission?" "Now then, young man, the gas—the gas." "By the Spike-Horn!" "Take this book to the Library?" "And then you woke up." "Lantern-jawed Cream of Wheat!" "That's the word I wanted." "I rise to a point of order." "That makes four dollars from this room." "Order!" "Nailed again! Huh!" "Go down, you boys, you jump on de floor!" "Late again?" "We'll win or I'll eat my shirt!"

---

A report was current during March that Leonard B—ttle was studying in the Library. The report could not be verified, hence little credence was given to such unlooked-for news.

Later:—A representative of "The Echo" called on Mr. B—ttle in his room and found that individual extremely indignant. "It is just a base and foundationless yarn!" he exclaimed, "That is the third time such a foolish and wild rumor has been started about me. There is not a word of truth in it. I never go near the Library. I owe the librarian a dollar; besides, the atmosphere of the place is unsuitable for my health."

"The Echo" is sorry to have printed such a stupid libel on Mr. B—ttle, whose antipathy to such lines of occupation is too well known to need comment.

---

Sullivan: "Lend me a bone for a week, Frank."

Hickey: "Hard luck, room-mate, but I am down to two collar-buttons."

Johnny: "Lend me one of them."

Clipping from *The Toronto Star*: "In a debate at St. Michael's College between the Sophs and Freshies, it was decided that Pope had exerted more influence on the English language than Tennyson. However, Pope must be considered to have had the *inside track* there, owing to his name."

He may have had, but he won out only by a nose.

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Mr. D. J. Sh——h——n wishes to announce to the ladies that he can make no calls until October 1st.

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Wilfred Smith: "Say, Glenn, the expedition to the South Pole has been lost."  
Glenn Rice: "Oh, indeed? Who lost it."

---

"Do you dance the Jersey, Mr. Fahey?" "No, we have a registered one at home, though." (Incident at Trinity debate.)

---

"It's a crime to know him." "Who?" "The Editor."

---

LOST—His rest, his temper, his 'nerve'. Finder please restore to The Editor.

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Recreation Master: "If you want to smoke here you'll either put out that cigarette or go somewhere else."

---

Senior: "There's been something on my lip for weeks."  
Soph: "Why don't you shave it off?"

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### Local Applications of Popular Plays

MIKADO—Kraus.	BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—The Bursar.
THE ROUND-UP—Bob.	"MIND THE PAINT" GIRL—F. Tierney.
KINDLING—Chile Tansey.	UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES—Earl Tansey.
THE SQUAW MAN—J. O'Neill.	IL TROVATORE—Sheehan, the Irish Tenor.
GREEN STOCKINGS—Hanrahan.	DR. JEKYL AND MR. HYDE—Lefty O'Neil.
WAY DOWN EAST—Dean Sears.	ROMEO AND JULIET—Dutch and St. Kitts.
H.M.S. PINAFORE—Gus Mogan.	WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED—The Nurse.
OFFICER 666—Recreation Master.	THE COMEDY OF ERRORS—S.M.C. vs. S.P.S.
THE PINK LADY—Isidore Guerard.	THE MAN ON THE BOX—"Coach" Forristal.
SATAN SANDERSON—G. J. Culliton.	THE BLUEBIRD—Any Freshie the first week.
CRACKERJACKS—Troy and Gallivan.	THE THREE TWINS—O'Neil, Du Buc, Thorpe
MILESTONES—Mr. O'Brien on the Track Team.	
GET RICH QUICK WALLINGFORD—Tom Donovan.	
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—Students' Parliament.	
THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK—Foley's Move.	
THE TIME (3:30). THE PLACE (Varsity Stadium). THE GIRL (???)—Bob McBrady.	



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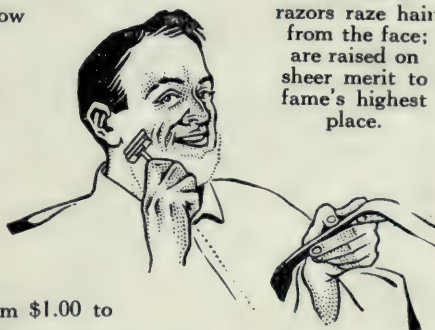


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- 1.—“Nuff” said.
- 2.—Burial of Glend Anglin. Solemn High Mass of Requiem.
- 3.—Easter Vacation begins.
- 8.—Holidays close 7.00 p.m. Dennis O'Connor was back on time—his first experience in six years.
- 9.—Father Hayes returns after spending Easter in Detroit.
- 10.—First Ball Game. Mr. McGwan gets off a new joke. Laughter.
- 11.—Dutch Gonter is said to have appeared in the yard today. The report couldn't be confirmed because there was no bishop. (One of Lambert's.)
- 12.—Rev. Father O'Sullivan, of Port Hope, addresses 1st Arts on “How to Write English.” Very much enjoyed.
- 13.—Baseball—De La Salle: 8—S.M.C.: 9.  
No college sermon—It was very good. Dr. Foley receives Minor Orders in Ottawa. Father Purcell accompanied him to the Capital.
- 14.—Low Sunday.
- 15.—Last board of rink comes down. First Lacrosse practice.
- 16.—Baseball—Faculty: 8—2nd Team: 0. St. Charles Lit. oratorical contest. There was a splendid attendance—they got out of study.
- 17.—Business Manager is out for supper. The office boy is attending a baseball game.
- 19.—Baseball and Lacrosse teams elect managers and captains.
- 20.—St. Mike's receive skidoo. Baseball—Eaton's: 23—S.M.C.: 1.
- 21.—Retreat begins under direction of Rev. Father Van Antwerp of Detroit. Silence, please!
- 22.—First day of Retreat. *“Oh, that my lips could utter the thoughts, that arise in me.”* Three “dumb-waiters” in refectory.
- 23.—Second day of Retreat. Bohan: — \* ! ! \* — — ? Sheehan: x x — — — — x !
- 24.—Third day of Retreat. Father Kelly returns from Bermudas.
- 25.—Retreat closes. Father Van Antwerp receives great ovation on entering refectory—he deserved it.
- 26.—“Half-past five” starts again—Such is life!
- 27.—Lacrosse team was to play St. Helen's. They didn't show up, but to make up for it the Baseball nine trimmed Parliament Buildings 12—1.
- 28.—Feast of Patronage of St. Joseph. Bishop Pascal, of Prince Albert, visits college. Brennan accused of slighting work. Garvin the accuser. Ed. may recover.
- 29.—Great sensation. Somebody steals McCormick's cream puffs.
- 30.—Guerard laughs at jokes in Latin class. They must have been written in Latin—(age, you know). Baseball—II. Latin: 11—III. Latin: 9.



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# M A Y

- 1.—Arts Examinations commence. L. Garvin arrives in time for Meditation—almost. He always does almost. Father Hayes attends the consecration of Bishop Conroy in Ogdensburg, N.Y. Baseball, S.M.C.: 10—Post Office: 0.
- 2.—The Juniors are warned that their Senior theses will be due one year hence. Everybody (?) starts to work immediately. II. Commercial: 23—II. Latin: 3.
- 3.—McAvoy and O'Leary run a race from Yonge St. The rain won out.
- 4.—Joe O'Neil gets another attack of feminitis. Time, 1.30 p.m. (This note was written by K. Corkery. So Joe, you know whom to get. This addition is made as a means of precaution by the Editor). Lacrosse—St. Helen's: 7—S.M.C.: 1. Baseball—Lourdes: 2—S.M.C. (2nds): 0.
- 5.—"Dutch" lays a foundation for a moustache. What a "mush" it will be! Guerard very seriously tells the philosophy class that he knows it exists, but to prove it would be impossible. Everybody agreed? (That's pretty stiff).
- 6.—Hanrahan fails to get a letter and the whole world looks blue all day. Baseball season opens at the Island. Everybody is in good (?) humor and attends (?) the game. Fine game, Albert? Philosophers too busy to attend. Perhaps there were others, also. Eh, Rummy?
- 7.—Visitors: Rev. Father Foster, president of Assumption College, Sandwich. Father Cote.
- 8.—Albert Hogan attends Baseball game at the Island with First Arts. First Arts in Small Yard. A new waiter in the refectory and a "Power" is felt among the boys.
- 9.—A lull in the studying.
- 10.—An off day in the exams. Third Arts celebrate. Garvin buys the tickets.
- 11.—"Father Martin" makes the acquaintance of the masters and of some of the boys on the "Irish Flat." Did you meet him, Mr. O'Brien? Baseball—Wichitas: 9—S.M.C.: 11.
- 12.—Did Johnny Sullivan ever hear of "All Hallows"? If recollections are dim, the Editor advises him to consult Mr. McGwan on that subject. Father Carr addresses the Arts men on the position of St. Michael's in the University.
- 13.—Last snowstorm of the season. Wouldn't "Father Martin" get a cool reception, were he to come today?
- 14.—Suspense. . . We await the Year Book which appears on the morrow. The Year Book staff pay up their life insurance.



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JAMES MASON       ::       ::       General Manager

- 15.—The Year Book makes its appearance. The editorial staff is in hiding. Editor '13 has dread forebodings re this time next year' But jokes aside, we must congratulate the editorial staff on the improvements in the book. Dutch and Rummy entertain two cousins in the parlor. Baseball—S.M.C.: 7—De La Salle: 5.
  - 16.—Ascension Thursday. A whole holiday with General Permissions. Fourth Year's exams. close.
  - 17.—Third Year Arts' exams. finish. Our Class President sails today for—St. Catharines (a little place across the lake).
  - 18.—Arts Students leaving. Lacrosse—S.M.C.: 3—Young Tecumsehs: 3. Announcement of the results of the election of leaders for the two parties in Students' Parliament. Unionist Leader: Mr. E. M. Brennan, '13. Separatist Leader: Mr. B. T. Kingsley, '13.
  - 19.—Bernie Holland greatly featured in Year Book. Thinks of filing a libel suit. Lambert Garvin, too, is aroused, and says some things about the editor that we shall leave to your imagination as we cannot request our "pretty stenographer" to record them.
  - 20.—Our belated brethren, the Sophs, still here, confined to their books. One more exam!
- 
- 6.—Friday. College re-opens. Acquaintances are renewed. The editor sees many strange faces.
  - 7.—Nothing much doing. Everybody down town. Several members of the Academics discovered at the Princess. Johnny Ryan meets some city "friends."
  - 8.—Acquaintances at St. Joseph's are renewed, and new ones formed. "Yes, I was over to see my cousin."
  - 9.—Classes resumed. Very few "Old Boys" are in yet. They will be along before Christmas, though.
  - 10.—Stan McGowan blows in. Mr. O'Brien and Mr. McTague fail to attend the baseball game at the Island. Sick?
  - 11.—Joe O'Leary returns, bringing a *protege* with him. Joe is "some missionary." Chorus by the Baseball fans: "Will Kelly win the Pennant?"
  - 12.—Tansey II. drops in from Texas. He is quite a study in freckles and ginger. It is reported that Chas. Black was up on time this morning. All efforts to have the rumor verified have been fruitless. Ergo—.
  - 13.—The Forty Hours' Devotion commenced with High Mass at eight o'clock. Matt. Gonter has "gonter" Texas. So long, Matt.
  - 14.—First College Instruction by Father McBrady. Riot Act read on the Flat. Visit from Father Finnegan.





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- 15.—Feast of the Seven Sorrows. First General Communion. "Forty Hours" closes with Vespers and Benediction. St. Albans Street popular in the afternoon.
- 16.—Mulvihill and Kelly decide to try the Study Hall for a time. It's too hot to study on the Flat, anyway. Joe O'Leary severs his connection with S.M.C. Sorry to see you go, Joe. Father Monahan, of North Bay, spends the day at the College.
- 17.—Still they come. Frank Hickey and McNab arrive. Baseball again in evidence. Poor lookout for a Senior Rugby team. Hammond moves to the Philosophers' Flat.
- 18.—Wilfrid McNab leaves for Ottawa. Candy Pound opened for the first time this year—Tom Donovan, general manager.
- 19.—Enthusiastic Rugby meeting addressed by Father Carr. Toronto finally cinches the Pennant, and Mr. M. O'Brien, the valiant defender of Peterboro's lift lock, again sleeps easy at nights.
- 20.—As a result of Rugby meeting, everybody turns out to play football and to learn to tackle. Johnny Ryan discovered coaching a "new boy"—"Now, this is a foot-ball." Mr. McTague leaves to spend Sunday in Sandwich.
- 21.—S.M.C. entered in Junior O.R.F.U. First game a week off. Two new men from Chatham, N.B. "Dutch" dons the moleskins for Varsity.
- 22.—Someone tries to turn Jewish Flat into a swimming-pool, but only succeeds in flooding the "Bear's Den."
- 23.—Brick joins the elite on the Flat. "He's a brick"—not ours, but perpetrated by one of his room-mates. Lectures in Arts commence.
- 24.—Arts men are dropping in. "Yes, I'm glad to get back to work again." How cheerful we poor mortals are!
- 25.—Corkery starts his art collection of the frontispieces of the Saturday Evening Post.
- 26.—The "Dalhousie City" commences her regular Summer Excursions to St. Kitts. Garvin visits his old friends of the C.R.N.
- 27.—Dan O'Ray thinks Logic the biggest cinch in the Philosophy course, and is sure he has a drag with the professor.
- 28.—The first Rugby game—S.M.C.: 11—Parkdale: 3. Prospects of a Championship.
- 29.—St. Michael's Day. Celebration transferred to Monday.
- 30.—Holiday. Faculty dinner.
- 31.—Separatist pamphlet appears to the delight of the Separatists, and to the dismay of the Unionists. That "*Exigamus monumentum aere perennius.*" (Where's our Latin dictionary?)





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- 1.—First meeting of St. Michael's Literary Society. Nomination of party leaders. Irish Flat elections. C. P. Donovan and L. B. Garvin elected prefects. Will have to get up early now.
- 2.—The two prefects are the "first" to respond to the sound of the bell.
- 3.—Excitement is very keen over the coming elections. Freshmen are having a chance to become acquainted with college activities.
- 4.—First Friday. Joe Canfield takes a trip to St. Kitts. Have you any friends there, Joe? Well, and are you sure?
- 5.—Rugby:—S.M.C.: 20—Y.M.C.A.: 12. Jack Spratt breaks his ankle. Varsity: 25—McGill: 13.
- 6.—Sodality holds its first meeting.
- 7.—Messrs. P. O'Brien and J. Kehoe join the staff.
- 8.—Elections of Students' Parliament are postponed, much to the disappointment of the Separatists.
- 9.—Charlie O'Leary's phone found in good condition.
- 10.—A well-read man is Culliton. Gus Mogan proves an efficient canvasser for the Separatist party.
- 11.—Mr. O'Brien wins the broad jump in the University Inter-Faculty games.
- 12.—Rugby—S.M.C.: 17—Beach Canoe: 3.—Varsity: 30—Ottawa: 11.
- 13.—One hundredth anniversary of Queenston Heights. Garrison parade. First free permissions of the year.
- 14.—Electioneering. McCarthy '16 discovered giving a stump speech on the merits of the Separatist party. The Unionist slogan: "Brennan can't be beaten."
- 15.—Elections in Students' Parliament. Unionists returned to power. E. M. Brennan Premier for the year. "There was sound of revelry by night." "No! Brennan can't be beaten,"—soliloquy heard in Room B on the Flat.
- 16.—The appointment of the Year Book Staff. The Premier chooses his cabinet.
- 17.—Father Phelan, of Peterboro, visits the College. Charlie O'Leary's first difficulty: "When is an ens not an ens?"
- 18.—The Inter-Collegiate games. Mr. O'Brien comes second in broad-jump, and breaks Varsity record in discus throwing.
- 19.—O.R.F.U.—S.M.C.: 33—Beach Canoe: 3. Junior City—Capitals: 15—S.M.C.: 2. Inter-Collegiate — Varsity: 7 — McGill: 28. Sodality addressed by Father Cartwright, C.S.P.
- 20.—Columbian Club holds first meeting in the College Hall. Elections of officers. Addresses by Fathers Conway and Cartwright. St. Teresa's Club attends.
- 21.—Our representative to the Columbian Club invests in a dress suit.
- 22.—First meeting of Students' Parliament under the new government. Inaugural addresses by the Cabinet Ministers. Mulock Cup—S.M.C.: 17—Victoria: 7.



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- 23.—Junior City—S.M.C.: 0—Parkdale: 15. Mr. P. O'Brien fails to read Mutt and Jeff.
- 24.—Guiry goes out to buy an evening paper. Returns with a "Globe."
- 25.—The First Entertainment proves a success. Jack O'Flaherty *a la* Primrose.
- 26.—Thanksgiving Holidays commence at noon. O.R.F.U.—S.M.C.: 18—Parkdale: 5. Junior City—S.M.C.: 2—Capitals: 22. Inter-Collegiate—Varsity: 17—Queens: 7. "Dutch" Gonter the star of the half-backs.
- 27.—Bliss. "Home, Sweet Home."
- 28.—Thanksgiving Day. Bliss mingled with turkey, etc.
- 29.—Holidays close at noon. S.M.C.: 28—Dents: 0.
- 30.—Gas stoves mysteriously disappear from the Irish Flat. Losers will please apply to Bursar.
- 31.—Hallowe'en passed off quietly. Philosophers celebrate the feast in their own way in the dormitory.

# N O V E M B E R

- 1.—All Saints' Day. A whole Holiday.
- 2.—All Souls' Day. Requiem High Mass at 8 o'clock. Junior City—S.M.C.: 0—Riverdale: 0. O.R.F.U.—S.M.C.: 3—Central Y.M.C.A.: 9. Doyle and Canfield the stars of the game.
- 3.—Visit to St. Michael's Cemetery.
- 4.—Third and Fourth Arts get theirs for asking irrelevant questions. Leonard Forristal gets his picture taken. Has a sad expression in his usually dreamy eyes—it's quite noticeable in the picture.
- 5.—Regular meeting of Students' Parliament. Only one member of IV. Arts gets down in time for Religious Knowledge. "Ten minutes after the hour, gentlemen." No lecture. We didn't know the lesson, anyway.
- 6.—S.M.C.: 6—Victoria: 7. Is "13" a lucky number? Will Manager O'Brien please tell us how many men on a Rugby team? We would like to ask him, but he is a bigger man.
- 7.—S.M.C.: 19—Dents: 15. Hogan, the star. S.M.C. are winners of the district in Mulock Cup Series. Manager makes certain that he has enough men, but plays too many. Exhibition. S.M.C., Juniors: 1—Harbord: 3.
- 8.—Father Carr reports mistake in number of men used in game with Dents. Game ordered to be replayed.
- 9.—O.R.F.U.—S.M.C.: 11—Y.M.C.A.: 12. Y.M.C.A. win the district. Intercollegiate: Varsity: 9—Queens: 3.
- 10.—Things doing on the Flat. P. Browne and D. Sears visit the Study Hall. Guiry takes enforced exercise in the yard. No wrestling in the halls, you know, Herb.
- 11.—Mr. O'Brien gets his T for great showing on the Varsity track team. The "Rebels" organise a rugby squad under the management of Mr. Kingsley.



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- 12.—A special meeting of the Lit. to discuss the merits of the Privy Council. Fathers McBrady, Roche and Kelly attend the Provincial Council meeting at Sandwich. (This has nothing to do with the Privy Council, though).
- 13.—Mr. Riordan's "Ruff-necks" again disappointed—Pluvius interposing. Father Purcell gives permissions. Everybody out.
- 14.—The mystery of laundry night—Do the missing goods go to the Charity Bazaar? Charlie O'Leary seriously tells 4th year Philosophers that he knows he exists, but can't prove it.
- 15.—Biographies due for Torontonensis. Exhibition—Midgets: 11—St. Charles: 0. Second team show the First's up.—II.'s: 0—I.'s: 1. St. Michael's entered in the O.H.A.
- 16.—Rebels spring a surprise on the Midgets, tying them 6—6. Father Purcell springs a Metaphysics exam. on Class '13. They were more surprised than the Midgets.
- 17.—The Business Manager visits the Market.
- 18.—Dents: 18—S.M.C.: 19. St. Michael's rooters practise for the Trinity debate.
- 19.—The first I.C.D.U. debate. Trinity vs. S.M.C. Trinity students, with the Co-eds., entertain afterwards.
- 20.—Hatrack and Garvin eat a light breakfast. How many times were they down to lunch last night? Meeting of the I.C.D.U. St. Michael's and McMaster to lock horns, Friday, Dec. 13th—Are we superstitious?
- 21.—Father Carr resigns the vice-presidency of the O.R.F.U. Henceforth St. Michael's will play Inter-Collegiate.
- 22.—Canfield and Ryan star in the Mulock Cup semi-final. St. Michael's defeat Vic. in Handball, 21—17. Loretto Abbey decides to come into the Year Book.
- 23.—Father Foley of the "Record" visits the College. Subject chosen for the McMaster debaters.
- 24.—The first snow-fall. "That's no matter."—E.M.B.
- 25.—Biographies due for the Year Book. First reading during the meals, E. M. Brennan doing the grand. A group picture of the College taken for the *Sunday World*.
- 26.—Vic. trims S.M.C. in Handball. 21—16. Class '16 defeat '15 in the first Inter-Year Debate. No Biographies in yet.
- 27.—S.M.C. closes their football season, by losing to Senior School 8—13. First team gets its pictures taken. Class '13 appoint their executive.
- 28.—The Columbian Club hold an informal dance. Several attend. Society Editor makes a decided hit. Editor-in-Chief takes a flash-light of St. Augustine's Seminary. Still no biographies in.
- 29.—Handball cup lost to Vic. The second time in eleven years. 21—20. The Associate Editor heard humming in class: "After the ball was over."



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- 30.—J. Spratt returns. Fourth Arts defeat Third in an Inter-Year debate. One lone biography appears. The Echo staff is really working too hard at them.

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- 1.—J. McGuire sings the Epistle. Same old routine. A long Sunday afternoon.
- 2.—Rugby game between the two flats. Irish win, 8—0. A chapter of accidents within two hours. Gonter, knee twisted; Kelly, a broken nose; Guerard, leg cut. Corkery, the star of the game.
- 3.—Regular meeting of the Lit. An easy way to commit suicide is to ask a member of the Government the meaning of the "Previous Question." Dutch gets his picture in the paper again.
- 4.—Several attend the Ottawa-Toronto debate in Convocation Hall. Mr. McGwan very much present at the bazaar. What are you going to do with a tea-cosy, T. J.?
- 5.—Joe Canfield receives a box of flowers.
- 6.—A bad time for the "G's." The occupants of the infirmary:  
Garvin  
Garvey  
Gonter  
Guitard
- 7.—All Star Kids defeat De La Salle 5—3. Dan O'Ray adopts the "brick" theory.
- 8.—Immaculate Conception. Reception of thirty new members into the Sodality. An address by Rev. Father Kelly.
- 9.—L. B. Garvin appointed manager of Hockey Team. Father Kelly of Norwood visits us, whereat the Peterboro contingent rejoiceth.
- 10.—The rising bell now rings at 6:20 a.m., instead of 5:30. We objected strenuously but we still have to sleep that extra hour. One of the debaters of the I. C. D. U. sends down his manuscript to be type-written, but it fails to reappear.
- 11.—Owing to the non-appearance of the manuscript, Somers O'Connor goes after it, and makes a hit. Wants to know if there are any more lost. St. Joseph's decide to be represented in the Year Book. Better late than never.
- 12.—Preparations for the McMaster debate. The committee raid the flat for pennants. Dean once more upon the Flat. Says he'll never go into another's room again—till the next time.
- 13.—McMaster wins debate from S.M.C. Rooters work overtime in the dormitory.
- 14.—The morning after. Many rather sleepy-looking individuals listen listlessly (between naps) to lectures. Term exams. for the Academics and I. Arts commence. Manager Hickey commences the rink.
- 15.—Mr. P. L. O'Brien sings the Epistle. W. Hamilton spends an enjoyable afternoon in the parlor.



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- 16.—Examinations. The Irish Flat send a committee of one to thank the Jews for the barrel of apples which did not materialize. However, they were sour, anyway.
- 17.—More Exams.
- 18.—Issuing of railway certificates. "Got your canal yet?"—Fahey to Nealon.
- 19.—The end of the exams in sight. Presentation on the Flat. Father Meader and Mr. K. puff peacefully away.
- 23.—We all take the train for "the one town." Father Purcell presented with cigars by Onety-Three and the Irish Flat. His Dream.

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- 8.—The faculty and a few of the students are back. Did anybody see Bert on the train, or hear of O.L.C.?
- 9.—More students drop in. Some new faces among the crowd. Work starts in earnest—keeps it up for nearly a week.
- 10.—The Curator of the Study Hall returns and puts the clock on the bum.
- 11.—This weather is terrible—no ice yet. The weather man is taking a sleep-over. Manager Garvin has his pets out practising at the Arena.
- 12.—Mr. T. J. McGwan trills the Epistle, and incidentally pulls down a few curtains. We never thought he would be so flustered. Frank Hickey working hard at the Rink.
- 13.—Mr. P. L. O' B. leaves to attend a wedding. Mr. O'Brien's happy smile is sure to cheer any bride-groom. He claims he was the "best man" there. *Distingo Maiorem.*
- 14.—The contract is let for the "Echo." Foley and Kraus perform *a la* Johnson. No decision.
- 15.—The event of the year. Class '13 Graduation Dinner. Yes, we all got home all right. "*Tom Doodle don't know that his father is dead.*" Garvin gets sick (before the banquet.)
- 16.—Class '13 dispensed from the lectures to recuperate. Some philosophers make efficient ushers at St. Joseph's. How about that chicken, Jiggers? (The Editor smacks his lips.) L. Forristal represents St. Michael's at Osgoode Literary Society Banquet.
- 17.—The first game. U.C.C.: 10—S.M.C.: 6. St. Michael's rooters out in full force, but fail to win the game. Frank Hickey hard at the rink.
- 18.—Jim rings the bell at 2 a.m. Caught in the act of ringing the Angelus at 2:30. Spratt and Hannie at Class '16 Reception in University School, 2 p.m.
- 19.—Somers O'Connor: "There's to be no Year Book this year." Frank Hammond: "How's that?" O'Connor: "There's only going to be 'The Echo.'"
- 20.—S.M.C.: 4—St. Andrews': 1. Visions of one championship, at least. Gant: "Today's Monday. The day after tomorrow is Wednesday. Half the week gone, and no work done yet."



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- 21.—Cold weather timidly approaching. A piano is procured for the club room and dancing is the order of the day.
- 22.—Sheehan stages a musicale in the Philosophers' dormitory in the early hours of the morning. Superintendent Hickey working hard at the rink.
- 23.—Dan O'Ray again decides to heat a brick, to keep his feet warm to-night.
- 24.—Johnnie Ryan asks just where the University library is situated.
- 25.—Fourth Academic have a bath to-day. Who is the strange-looking gentleman? Why, it's Herb G—y, we declare! How you have changed, Herb!
- 26.—Mr. O'Neil sings Epistle.
- 27.—U.C.C.: 5—S.M.C.: 3. Will we beat St. Andrews and tie the district? Doyle sadly remarks "Every time the bunch get out to the game, we lose."
- 28.—Johnny Ryan of Class '15 sleeps during Greek lecture and also during the following period. Wake up, Johnny, and see the bear.
- 29.—Pictures for the "Echo." Some were taken and some were not.
- 30.—The Arts exams. commence.
- 31.—St. Andrews win the district by defeating S.M.C. 6—5. Visions gone. No flowers.

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- 1.—Mr. P. Moloney leaves for Powassan. His health will not permit him to finish the year. Sympathy and good wishes of all go with him.
- 2.—Mr. C. P. Donovan joins the staff, and is solemnly invested with the marks of office.
- 3.—Father Sullivan is taken ill and goes to St. Michael's Hospital. Archbishop McNeil pays his first official visit to the College.
- 4.—Father Sullivan passes peacefully away after receiving the last Sacraments of the Church.
- 5.—The body of Father Sullivan is taken to St. Basil's Church, where it lies in state. Vespers for the dead.
- 6.—Solemn funeral mass for Father Sullivan. Father Roche accompanies the body to Fall River.
- 7.—Joe O'Neill returns to resume his studies. Spring must surely be near.
- 8.—Sales at the pond decreased somewhat. This gives us hope that the orphans will come in after all.
- 9.—L. B. Garvin, the new choir leader, with Brennan and Hatrick as chanters. First snowstorm since Christmas.
- 10.—The Boarders defeat the Day Scholars in a game of hockey, 4—2. McAvoy recites a Latin lesson "*in somnis*."
- 11.—Organisation of an Intra-mural hockey league. Religious Knowledge lectures suspended in 4th Arts.
- 12.—Servais follows Kelly to the Study Hall.

(Continued on Page 158)



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- 13.—“It never rains but it pours.” John Post on forbidden ground—joins his two confreres in the Study Hall.
- 14.—Mr. Quarry breaks his lenten resolution—we smelt the cigar. Another biography in for “The Echo.”
- 15.—Overheard from Joe Sullivan: “Oh, dear, my soutane doesn’t hang right, and I fear my bulldog is sloppy.”
- 16.—Archbishop McNeil says Mass for the Columbian Club.
- 17.—Father Guiry, of Lindsay, pays us a visit.
- 18.—Father Guiry addresses the Sodality. A dignified member of ’13 falls asleep in H. P., awakened by the fall of a book.
- 20.—Joe Canfield seen on Yonge Street. *Cum* or *sine*? *Cum*, of course.
- 21.—Father Gale visits the college. His hat disappears. Mr. McGwan finally returns it. No permissions for the Midland—St. Michael’s game. The Irish Flat pass the evening taking pictures. Time, 1:45 a.m. Scene, Refectory. *Dramatis personae*? ? ? Bob turns in the burglar alarm.
- 22.—George Washington’s Birthday. The Americans, as usual, procure us a holiday (?). Fourth Arts try to find a definition for a genius. All agree that C. O’Leary is the best specimen. Mr. O’Brien solemnly tells the class that *nihil* is “just something that is nothing.” Hickey spent a long day at the rink.
- 23.—Is it fair for a student to “rubber” from his window on a slippery day, Eh, Dan?
- 24.—Class ’13 discuss the ethical aspect of Woman Suffrage. Only two members in favor. Not a very gallant class.
- 25.—Arts out to first of Finals in the O.H.A. Kids parade from 7:00—8:00 L. Garvin: “Primal matter really exists only logically.”
- 26.—Father Carr is appointed Prefect of Discipline.
- 28.—One of Third Year Arts objects to the reference to the word “parlor” in his biography. We threaten to refer to the “doily” on the parlor table.

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- 1.—“Dutch” goes down town *sine*. Meets Father McB. in the hall on his return. Never again!
- 2.—Pocock once more summoned to the parlor. No names.
- 3.—Father McAuley of Peterboro pays a visit. Junior O.H.A. team attend T.R.A.A.—S.M.C. game at the Arena.
- 4.—I.C.D.U. banquet at McConkey’s. St. Michael’s debaters attend, and return safely.
- 5.—Tom Donovan loses a pie. Subscriptions arrive from some of the Alumni. Leo Power applies for the position of bursar.
- 6.—Donovan loses another. The mystery deepens. A drop in butter. Power drops it. St. Charles Lit. gets off with an early (?) start. Election of officers.
- 7.—St. Thomas’ Day. Philosophers’ Holiday. Sophs whip themselves into line for the “Echo” of 1915—solicit ads. That Friday dinner!

(Continued on Page 164.)



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- 8.—At Last! Second Arts have their pictures taken. Bob to Cork:  
"What are you going to do with your hands?" Reference Library  
becomes the haven for the grads-to-be.
- 9.—A visit from Father Dillon. Cheese and crackers. That Sunday  
supper! And those obliging waiters!
- 10.—Scene—City Dairy. Time—4:15 p.m. Business Manager and  
Editor-in-Chief discovered drinking hot chocolate. Something  
distracts them. Business Manager excited—spills chocolate over  
suit and coat. Language cannot be expressed here. J. Sullivan:  
"What do you think of Hickey's bulldog?" Last issue of the  
"Varsity."
- 11.—Announcement of the retreat by the Rev. Father Superior.
- 12.—Retreat commences at 7:30 p.m. Very Rev. Father Roche preaches  
it.
- 13.—15.—Retreat. D. M. at last keeps quiet.
- 16.—Palm Sunday. Close of Retreat. Bohan bids adieu to his  
knickerbocker days—dons long jeans. Philosophers begin early  
to celebrate St. Patrick's Day.
- 17.—St. Patrick's Day. A whole holiday. Dire threats made by Class  
'14 on the Editor, if certain items are not withdrawn from their  
biographies.
- 18.—First lacrosse practice. First baseball of the season. Charlie  
O'Leary hands in his thesis.
- 19.—Easter holidays commence at noon. Depart, Ye homesick ones!
- 20.—Many more leave for home, and other places. The last of the rink.
- 21.—Good Friday. Extremely high winds, and the back fence decides  
it will stand (it) no longer.
- 22.—"Mr. John Sullivan is once more under the parental roof."—*Dundas  
Banner*.
- 23.—Easter Sunday. The Masters are the guests of the college during  
the holidays.
- 25.—Fitz overheard singing: "As the roses need the sunshine." The  
return of the prodigals. Meeting of St. Michael's Lit.
- 26.—A fire in the locker-room. Biggest day in the history of the college.  
For a while it looked as though it would be a success. Staff  
photographer on the job. Garvin to Brennan: "Hold Black there.  
Don't let him jump out that window!"
- 27.—Chile Tansey organises a fire sale. Micky does also.
- 28.—The awarding of the "M's." Leonard has his already. Rev.  
Father Roche and Father Kelley leave for Europe.
- 29.—The Canadians win the Intra-mural hockey league.
- 30.—Bobby and Gus sign up with the C.R.N. "Ship ahoy! Gangway!"  
"Hot coffee here. Sandwiches only fifteen cents each!" Hickey  
working as hard as ever at the rink.
- 31.—In fear and trembling the board of editors await results of the issue  
of "The Echo."



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## Valedictory of Class '13

*"Farewell! a word that must be and has been—  
A sound which makes us linger; yet farewell."*

Childe Harold IV.

NTO the making of valedictories there still lives a blessed formula which, unimpaired as a Catapunan tradition, has been sacredly handed down from antediluvian fathers to postdiluvian sons. This formula never misses fire and is very voguish at High School and Academy commencement exercises. Its product comes to us neat, precise and pointed; so intellectual, so chill; just like viands long since garnered into cold-storage barns or antique Easter beef re-vitalized with a few scientific shots of formaldehyde.

The style is grand, grandiose, yea grandiloquent. Yet some later-day Romanticists, Cubists and Post-Impressionists fail to affect it. While not posing as twentieth century artist-chefs, we at this Farewell Symposium would fain serve the dish in a different fashion, e'en though mediocrity do split us. Possibly its best feature may be this mere differentism.

To what shall we liken Class '13, or unto what is it like? We shall liken it to the Midshipman band of a Double Blue liner, bound for a four-year cruise of philosophic research in the Archipelago of Polymathia. A long sail; yes, it was; but delightfully pleasant throughout, even as it has been ultimately successful.

By nature's laws, of course, and by the ordinary vacillation of this unstable terrene—or marine, if you would be a punctilious precisian—our gladsome bark did not always bask neath golden suns, and silvery moons, or ever cleave a cerulean horizon and cobalt sea serene. O, no! T'is true, we are men with feelings, both concupiscible and irascible—but we dearly prefer the latter with the arduous good, the strenuous life, the husky fight. "*Per aspera ad astra*," for us. And of course nature and grace were most accomodating. Our gladsome bark, hereinbefore mentioned, occasionally nosed into a squall. In fact, we had at times, all kinds of wind and wave, adverse, converse or inverse, according to the mode or relation in which Aristotelian mentalities viewed them.

Of it let it be remembered, dear solitary reader, what the ancient professor Krassatus did say. "You are Peripatetics, gentlemen." *περι*, round about; and *πατειν*, to walk! Possibly kind of vicious circle, eh? Well, grove or no grove, Peripatetic refers to things pedestrian, to the Philosophy of Feet. My, how the Greek does stick! But at any rate we were not so pridefully peripatetic on the floor of the barren sea. Indeed, this last piece of imagery suggests why the maritime minds of our Examiners sometimes marked our papers, as if on certain questions of the day, or day-before, we were very much at sea.

Between calms the tempest is the order of Everyman's day. So it *was* of ours. Come on with your storms now. Typhoons, come tyrannously strong. Awake, Gulf Stream, stir up the langourous mal-de-mer and rouse the frenzied fog. Æolus, blow and crack your adamantine cheeks! Our voyage is o'er. Blow! "We that have free souls, it touches us not; let the galled jade (class '14) wince, our withers are unwrung."

O no, carissime lector, get not the wrong idea. This course of ours was not all



compact of Æneas's yawning abysses, (Splendide mendax, he; consult poor Dido), nor bristling gales destructive, nor bore of tidal wave nor cataclysm horrific.

True, sporadic stretches of romantic navigation spread vistas sweet before us, like nodes of poetic Nirvana mid Platonic hurricanes of philosophy. For many a time and oft did we play at shuffle-board twixt the tempest's fearful roar; oft cast in sooth the ropen quoit. Of evenings dusky, together clustered we in the smoking room to hear of accidents by field and flood. On a chance dewy morning, did we wilfully cling close to the "image of death," to "Sleep that knits up the ravelled slieve of care"; worked bookishly betimes; and from logical waxed lyrical, as the good ship "Class 13" passed magic ports of Aquinas and sun-kissed shores of Sanseverino. Oft the Symplegades of Mathematical calculation all but closed upon our sides. The Scylla and Charybdis of dialectic dilemma full many a time beckoned us to destruction. Cretan labyrinths of Metaphysic were often hazarded without Daedalian clue or waxen wing. Anon the Hesperides of Latin and Greek, of French and German, laden with the rich and luscious apples of fate, loomed up—summer islands of the Blest set all in a summer sea. Yea, and have we not listened with ears erect—because forsooth our spirits were attentive—to such siren creatures as that well-bruited Nightingale of Keats, still exhibited by English professors to callow freshmen, as a gem minnesinger or Provencal troubadour?

In fact, our Polymathian cruise was "A thing of beauty and a joy forever"—vast, varied and instructive; gymnastic and enjoyable. Its ups and downs shall we carry with us e'en to Pluto's narrow house.

The Pleasure-Pain theories we reduced to satisfactory practice. Nothing grave, of course, do we boast of on the pleasure side. Nor yet do we glory in ourselves as graven images of perfection. In the human frailty theory we repose great trust; and to it, and not to atrabilious malice, do we credit our tardy short-comings and accidental back-slidings.

Our confidence in Basilian training is vast. But our fears about lack of personal co-operation are vaster. The shades of Ideals mock at us through nightly glooms and clamor that, though we may have tried to be faithful salts and slavies of the voyage, delightfully charming midshipmites on the Scholastic Main, yet certainly could we have climbed far higher on the masts, viewed a wider horizon over the sea of Knowledge and shouted far louder to all the winds that blow the tabloid slogan of heart to all dejected ears, "Excelsior." In a word, during the last four years we could, if we would, have been greater Heroes of accomplishment.

According to the Doctors, spiritual and temporal, Humor is a fine test of Sanity. Under the spreading aegis of this psychophysical principle, we must confess, in our general valedictorian confusion, as in this particular valedictorian effusion, to have taken care-free refuge.

Humility is a virtue we daily aspire to, yet does it daily elude us. Egotism, like yourself, we heartily despise; so herein have we striven to avoid it. But Gratitude is a thing apart. Over the possession of this sense even the houseless canine, with only a vulgar Æstimativa, may wag the exulting tail.

Shall we, then, rest supine? We men of Kudos, heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time—we who nourishing a youth sublime have dipped into the Future far as human eye can see, read the fairy tales of Science and scanned the long result



of Pater Kronos—we, let it be reiterated, adolescent co-efficients of the human  $\chi$  and youthful representatives of the Thomistic *animal rationale*—shall we be devoid of Gratitude?

No, as successful sailors of Fortune and Fame in the good ship "Class '13," with this final farewell word, we beg to assure our College and its Professors that in mind and heart we cherish a very loyal appreciation and a very sincere sentiment regarding the care and the culture which has been lavished upon us during our years of training in dear old S.M.C.

Farewell, Alma Mater! Never may thy roof-tree fall! Long may it stand despite the ruinous elements of the years. Safe home of budding youth, hospitable retreat of fair knowledge, peaceful conservatory of true religion, Alma Mater, fare thee well!

—MAARTEN SKRYBLERIUS.

---

O! May we ne'er forget the hours,  
Wherever we may be,  
We've spent within St. Michael's walls,  
So oft in festive glee.  
Through joys and tears of coming years,  
Whatever thing befalls,  
Our thoughts will travel back with pride  
To old St. Michael's walls.

And though the years, our paths divide,  
Our dear old S.M.C.  
Will bind us still with golden links,  
Of sweetest memory.  
O! May each length gain added strength  
To keep us one and all,  
Together yet as when we met  
In old St. Michael's Hall.

The hours we've spent in S.M.C.  
Have cheered the weary day,  
And filled the heart with new-found hope,  
When all the sky was grey,  
Then for each hour that S.M.C.  
Has touched with rosy light,  
Let's sing before the curtain falls:  
Good night! Good night! Good night!

—By permission of the Author.







